OUTLOOK
and Independent

VOL. 159—No. 17

DECEMBER 23, 1931

"Aggressive fighting for the right is the noblest sport the world affords."
—*Theodore Roosevelt*

WITH OUR READERS

Wanted—A Big Man

To the Editor: *Minneapolis*

SIR—Your article, "Roosevelt Ahead," in the November 25th issue, appears to express the opinion of, not only a very limited number, but an altogether classified group, and by no means reflects the popular element of thought which will refuse to be moulded in our coming election by oily editorials, whether sponsored by Banker, Business, Pulpit or Press.

The individual who casts his vote in the next presidential election will be one just about to emerge from watching a four-year political performance whose acting was exceedingly bad. Although the leading man gave promise, before (s)election, of his exceptional talents, rare qualifications and outstanding accomplishments, his part in the play has been woefully disappointing, and highly regrettable, to those of us in attendance expecting *good times* to be had by all.

The next show has got to be good, or we won't go. Four years is too long to sit around between acts, while the leading man plans, and the actors plunder.

No disparaging news shall shake our faith, as it did before, in selecting a new leading man. We won't be so interested in how he pronounces the word "persons," as we are in his ability to set up the industrial scenery to provide for them. We won't look so critically, nor take such exception to the color of his hat, as we will be indulgent to find out what's under it. We won't care quite so much about how he worships God, as we will be concerned about his intentions to emulate Him.

It's a big show, a big part, and it takes a big man to enact it. Such a one is now in your midst, as big as the building over which he presides. Let's hope he may be found.

BRITT CRAVEN.

Throwing Mud at the White House

To the Editor: *Buffalo, N. Y.*

SIR—I have read the article in the OUTLOOK by Mr. Henry F. Pringle anent the book *The Strange Career of Mr. Hoover Under Two Flags* and I have also read the book mentioned.

In my opinion Mr. Pringle's legal conclusions border on the ridiculous when he predicates all sorts of legal liabilities for the author and publishers of the book, and his aspersions on the publisher have nothing to do with the merits of the publication, and I believe that he has subjected your magazine to more liability to a libel action than the book has the author or publisher.

Further, his conclusions about the book are asinine, as any one who has had anything to do with investigations can realize at once that the book has all the earmarks of authenticity, as the facts have been assembled with a meticulousness rarely encountered anywhere and a reader can draw his own conclusions from the mass of detail presented in the book and I believe it will be most convincing to any one who reads the same.

Your Mr. Pringle's introduction of the Democratic party and all such rot is quite distressing and if his articles on Roosevelt are no more worthy of consideration than his criticism of the book, you had better give him the air before you lose subscribers.

PAUL V. SHEEHAN.

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An Oklahoma Governor Who Rules With Rifles
By Louis Cochran

A new view of Governor Murray, an executive who appears to act upon impulse, but who is really an authority on the laws of his state. He wrote its Constitution.

A Letter to a Republican Wet
By Herbert C. Pell

In spite of their wet views anti-prohibition Republicans always vote dry. Inconsistent? Yes, but the fact is amply proved in this letter to Mr. Siccus by a former member of Congress and ex-chairman of the New York State Democratic Committee.

The Solvent South
By Charles Morrow Wilson

Arkansas and its neighbors have recovered from their calamities and, says Mr. Wilson, they may be feeding the North yet.

T. R. and the War
The Last Installment of Roosevelt: A Biography
By Henry F. Pringle

Accused early in the war of being pro-German because of his former friendship with the Kaiser, T. R. had become one of the strongest critics of the Wilson peace policy. This installment throws new light on the period preceding America's entry.

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Public Control of Power

To the Editor: *Kenton, Ohio*

SIR—As bearing on my previously expressed opinion that power as well as prohibition is a matter of major interest to the country I wish to direct your attention to the statement in the annual report of the Federal Power Commission, in referring to phases of the power industry which are federal and other phases which are local in character.

"The whole must be brought under some form of complete public governmental control and regulation which should bring about not only better service and lower rates, but establish the industry itself in such financial position that investment therein is safe and not speculative and thus effectively preserve and protect the public interest."

Being unalterably opposed to government ownership and operation of any public utility which private capital is prepared to undertake I am thus more firmly attached to the ideal of more effective public control of such services.

FORD GRAMLICH.

Negative Legislation

To the Editor: *Washington*

SIR—I noticed in this morning's press the report that the prohibition referendum bill passed the Finnish Diet on second reading, 97 to 83, and also the statement of the Minister of the Interior to the effect that the chief reason for the failure of prohibition in Finland was that it had no roots in the popular sense of justice.

This is a very important reason, but, in my humble opinion, it is not the chief reason. Prohibition is a negative law. Human nature makes progress positively and not negatively. The chief reason for the failure of prohibition anywhere centers around the fact that any negative law can be complied with by simply doing nothing. The individual who does nothing, is a hundred percenter on prohibition, or any other law. When the public understands the principle involved, all negative rules and laws will be eliminated.

JOHN DOLPH.

Callow Comment

To the Editor: *Lexington, Mass.*

SIR—I feel called upon to congratulate you on your magazine. I like the paper, and your print is easy to read. There are, however, one or two little things I should like to criticize. For one thing your little motto on the contents page seems a little twisted, probably a slight printer's mistake. You have there a quotation of Theodore Roosevelt which reads: "Aggressive fighting for the right is the noblest sport the world affords." Should it not read: "Heckling is very remunerative."

Don't you think you ought to stop feeding pretzels to Little Cesare. Before I saw his picture of Hoover on the football field, kicking the water boy while his opponent slipped around end, I thought that the reason Hoover was quarreling with the Navy League was because they advocated a bigger navy, while he wanted it made smaller, causing less expense to the country, and hence lightening the depression. Ah, well, we live and learn.

Did you ever hear of constructive criticism?

Give us more of George Trevor and Creighton Peet, they make the OUTLOOK seem less like an overgrown high school magazine.

Wouldn't it be funny if Hoover really wasn't President of the United States? Perhaps there is no Eighteenth Amendment.

HUBERT V. CORYELL, JR.

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MERRY XMAS AND HAPPY NEW YEAR

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OUTLOOK
and Independent

The Trend of the Week

The Issue Still Burns

As COMPARED with other "burning issues," the question of American adherence to the World Court burns but feebly. Nevertheless it burns. Despite the wet blankets piled upon it by the Court's opponents, it refuses to be extinguished. Mr. Hoover repeated his plea for adherence in his December 10 message on our foreign relations and the Senate is expected to vote on the question during the present session. That there will be definite, if moderate, interest in the outcome was indicated when thirteen hundred American friends of the Court met in Philadelphia on December 11.

Making certain reservations, the Senate voted for our adherence to the Court on January 27, 1926—six long years ago. When Britain rejected one of these reservations a year later, anti-Court Senators were overjoyed. "That disposes of the Court so far as the United States is concerned," said young "Bob" La Follette. "I assume that this ends the question of our becoming a member," said Senator Borah complacently. "Let us arise," cried Senator Moses, "and join in three cheers for John Bull, savior of America." Senator Nye murmured "Glory be!"

But the gentlemen rejoiced too soon. In 1928 Sir Cecil Hirst and Elihu Root worked out an admirable formula to reconcile the American position embodied in the Senate's reservations and the position of Court members objecting to them. In the following year we signed new protocols providing for our adherence which are now before the Senate for ratification or rejection. The chances are that, over the protests of standpatters, the Senate will eventually ratify them. Certainly it should. As Elihu Root declared in his message to the meeting in Philadelphia, "If we really care about reducing the danger of war, this cautious experiment in coöperation, terminable at will, seems as little as we can do."

"Arrowsmith" as a Movie

EXTRA! EXTRA! Sinclair Lewis saw the film version of his novel *Arrowsmith* and liked it. He looked at his characters, listened to his words, laughed a little, cried a little, had a great evening and said so—in a letter to the producer, which reproduces well and looks fine in the advertisements. He also said so to reporters who gathered round with poised pencils, depending on Mr. Lewis—who rarely disappoints them—to make news.

For it's news when an author of talent, honesty and insight unreservedly likes the movie version of his novel. Discount the fact that Mr. Lewis is a practical man, and that his public endorsement of *Arrowsmith* is undoubtedly good for business. Consider the novel itself and the fact that he had nothing whatever to do with its transposal to the screen. *Arrowsmith* is a fine, thoughtful book, far removed from the stereotyped Hollywood formula. It contains no luxurious, improbable, modernistic apartments, no attempted rape, no ready-made comedy, no mad dash through the night to speed up the action toward a happy ending. No happy ending at all. It has to do with tragedy and with human ideals. From this book, Samuel Goldwyn has made a picture which not only the author but the critics have called excellent.

It may be an accident. Yet it does encourage one to hope that Hollywood, having tried everything else and lost money, may now take a chance on dramatic integrity. One of these days some producer may sweep all the conventionalized claptrap out of his studio and set himself consistently to presenting pictures for adults, dealing with real people and honest emotions. If he does, he will make a lasting reputation. And he might conceivably make a fortune.

Hoover Prosperity Plan

WE HAVE COMMENTED, and we shall continue to comment, in detail on the various parts of Mr. Hoover's plan to restore prosperity. Now consider it as a whole. On December 11 Mr. Hoover collected the parts into a single program and presented it for public approval. Save in important spots, it is obviously good enough as far as it goes. But as a sweeping program for a great national emergency, coming in the third year of the depression from a President elected primarily on the assumption that he could and would preserve and enhance the prosperity of 1928—well, judge it for yourself. Remember that Mr. Hoover advances it (mixed metaphor and all) with the definite intention of "turning the tide of deflation and starting the country upon the road to recovery."

There is no mention of reducing the tariff, relegalizing brewing or abolishing the spendthrift Farm Board. The first point is "provision for distress among the unemployed by voluntary and united action of local author-

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ities in coöperation with the President's unemployment relief organization." The second point is federal public works plus

Keystone

FILM FAN
Sinclair Lewis applauds movie version of his "Arrowsmith"

a plea to employers to put employees on part-time instead of reducing their number. The third is the strengthening of the Federal Land Bank system—a plan not yet in effect. The fourth is the creation of home loan banks to lend money to mortgage-holding banks and building and loan associations—a plan not yet in effect. The fifth is the "development of a plan to assure early distribution to depositors in closed banks"—a plan not yet in effect. The sixth is a proposal to enable banks to borrow from the Federal Reserve Banks on collateral not now eligible for this purpose—a plan not yet in effect. The seventh is the creation of a Reconstruction Finance Corporation to make loans to established industries, railways and financial institutions unable to secure credit otherwise—a plan not yet in effect. The eighth is "assistance to all railroads by protection from unregulated competition, and to the weaker ones by the formation of a credit pool, as authorized by the Interstate Commerce Commission"—a plan not yet in effect. The ninth is the revision of banking laws in the interest of depositors—a plan not yet in effect. The tenth is the recently formed National Credit Association to supply credit to associated banks. The eleventh is "drastic economy" in government and a "temporary" increase in taxes—not yet in effect. The twelfth is "maintenance of the American system of individual initiative and individual and community responsibility."

Here, then, almost complete, is the relief program on which Mr. Hoover must stand or fall. We do not expect him to stand.

▶▶*Defeat for the League*

As EVERY Foreign Office knows, the League of Nations has lost the respect of the world by permitting Japan to grab and keep Manchuria. The essentials of the affair are simple. Japan, violating the Kellogg pact, League Covenant and Nine-Power treaty, began military operations in Manchuria on September 18. Next, violating her promise to avoid acts which might aggravate the situation, she widened her control until now her troops overrun and overawe the greater part of the territory. Her next step probably will be to set up puppet governments and then, perhaps, withdraw her military forces to the treaty zones, retaining control of Manchuria and ownership in everything but name. Meanwhile, however, she may decide to extend her sphere even farther to the south by capturing Chinchow.

If the face-saving resolution adopted by the League on December 10 seems to forbid the taking of Chinchow, it really does not. True, it asks Japan to withdraw her troops "as speedily as possible"—whatever that means. But Japan accepted it only with the reservation that she might wish to take steps against "bandits and lawless elements," and it will be simple to tack the label "lawless element" on any opposing army.

For the rest, the League's resolution is pitiful. It does not provide that Japan be punished for invading the territory of another League member and contemptuously ignoring the League's recommendation that she withdraw her troops by November 16. Instead, it provides that a commission be sent to Manchuria to study the situation—without daring to "interfere with the military arrangements of either party"—and eventually to submit a report to Geneva. This, of course, is merely a proposal to kill time. Japan has slapped the League's face and made the League like it.

▶▶*Japan Follows Britain*

ORDINARILY a change of governments in Japan would arouse very little interest in the United States. If many Americans were interested in the resignation of Premier Wakatsuki on December 11 and the formation of a new cabinet headed by Ki Inukai on December 13, it was partly because of Japan's manœuvres in Manchuria but primarily because the new government promptly abandoned the gold standard. This action, by lowering the cost of production and reducing buying power in Japan, will tend to injure our export trade both to Japan and to countries where our exports are in competition with Japanese exports. The American who exports goods to Japan will be faced with the dilemma of keeping up his prices, and thereby losing trade, or cutting his prices, and thereby losing profits.

The low comes at a particularly embarrassing moment. American exports have been seriously affected, not only by the depression, but by retaliatory tariffs traceable to our own Hawley-Smoot act and by foreign monetary developments starting with Great Britain's departure from the gold standard. With Japan's departure most of the world is now off the gold basis—all Asia, most of Europe and Africa and a large part of South America. Moreover, many other countries in Europe and South America have placed damaging restrictions on the movement of gold. At the moment Canada, our best customer, is staying on the gold standard with great difficulty. Should Canada abandon it, the worst will have come.

▶▶*Mellon Tax Plan*

SECRETARY MELLON'S five-point plan for tax increases is the Administration's answer to the problem of dwindling revenues and mounting deficits. While it may be radically revised by Congress,

Wide World

ELIHU ROOT

it nevertheless provides the base for whatever new taxation may be imposed. What Mr. Mellon proposes is, first, that

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income taxes be raised to the 1924 level; secondly, that the 12 per cent tax on corporation incomes be boosted to 12½

A COMPARISON of present federal taxes in various income classes with those proposed by Secretary Mellon:

	Present	Proposed
$2,500 Income		
Single, no dependents	$11.25	$22.50
Married, no dependents	no tax	no tax
Married, 1 dependent	no tax	no tax
Married, 2 dependents	no tax	no tax
$3,500 Income		
Single, no dependents	$22.50	$37.50
Married, no dependents	no tax	15.00
Married, 1 dependent	no tax	9.00
Married, 2 dependents	no tax	3.00
$5,000 Income		
Single, no dependents	$39.42	$60.00
Married, no dependents	16.88	37.50
Married, 1 dependent	12.38	31.50
Married, 2 dependents	7.88	25.50
$10,000 Income		
Single, no dependents	$153.75	$225.00
Married, no dependents	101.25	165.00
Married, 1 dependent	92.25	153.00
Married, 2 dependents	83.25	141.00
$25,000 Income		
Single, no dependents	$1,288.75	$1,491.25
Married, 1 dependent	1,198.75	1,405.75
$50,000 Income		
Single, no dependents	$4,663.75	$5,675.00
Married, 1 dependent	4,573.75	5,549.50
$100,000 Income		
Single, no dependent	$15,843.75	$22,115.00
Married, 1 dependent	15,753.75	22,029.50
$500,000 Income		
Single, no dependents	$115,843.75	$199,115.00
Married, 1 dependent	115,753.75	199,029.50

THE BAD NEWS

per cent; thirdly, that the inheritance tax system be extended downward to cover $100,000 to $50,000 estates; fourthly, that postal rates be increased—by an unstated amount—and, finally, that sales taxes be raised on tobacco products and extended to cover automobiles, trucks, radios, telephone, telegraph and radio messages, bank checks, theatre tickets and so on. It is a broad plan, which would hit every citizen—probably harder than Congress will permit.

Though Mr. Mellon would make the new taxes effective in January, he is not primarily concerned with the current fiscal year, ending June 30, 1932. He admits that from January to June his increased taxes would yield additional revenues of only $300,000,000 whereas at least $2,100,000,000 would be needed to prevent a deficit. Realizing that in the first part of 1932 we must continue to add to our national debt, Mr. Mellon hopes to bring this process to an end after June by securing sufficient revenues for the fiscal year 1932-33 to meet current expenditures, aside from $500,000,000 due for redemption of the national debt. It is a sound objective. There are, however, reasons to question Mr. Mellon's assurance that it can be reached through his suggested tax increases. For this assurance is based, first, on an estimated reduction of $365,000,000 in expenditures during the fiscal year 1932-33 and, secondly, on an immediate business recovery. It is on the assumption of a 15 per cent improvement in business that Mr. Mellon estimates that, extra taxes aside, the revenues for 1932-33 will increase $337,000,000 over those for 1931-32. On the same assumption he estimates that the increased taxes will yield $900,000,000 more. Naturally, taxpayers will hope that Secretary Mellon is right and that the depression is coming to an end. But they might as well face the fact that, if it isn't, his proposed increases will not be sufficient.

▶▶*High Heels*

ORTHOPEDISTS should be more cautious with their statements. Here is P. B. Roth, London orthopedic surgeon, declaring that investigation of the subject of high heels has showed him no evidence that they do women any injury; that the average woman is more comfortable in high-heeled than in flat-heeled shoes; that, if the ground is fairly smooth and the shoes fit well, high heels are a perfectly harmless vanity. This may be true. But, like a number of truths, it is better left unsaid.

For a harmless vanity is apt to become an uninteresting vanity. It's the harm that accounts for the charm. There is always grave danger that, once women are convinced that high heels are sane and healthy, they will abandon them altogether. This would be too bad, for, in their place, which is probably not on the Sunday hike, high heels are very pretty and give women great trimness, a delightful instability and a certain well-rounded character. Life would scarcely be worth going on with if the two-thirds of the world's civilized women who now wear high heels were forever to stride about as flatly as men.

▶▶*Spain's Washington*

DON NICETO Alcalá Zamora is the Washington of Spain. He was the leader of the revolution which banished Alfonso last April. He was the first president of the provisional republic which thereupon supplanted the monarchy. He is now the first president of the republic under the new constitution, which he himself helped to fashion. Yet it would be a mistake to infer that this white-haired but fiery and gesticulating orator is a revolutionist at heart. Like Washington, who was late in espousing independence for the colonies, Zamora was late in espousing republicanism for Spain. Like Washington, Zamora was driven into revolution and, like Washington again, he gave it a valuable tone of respectability.

Saks, Fifth Avenue

Wide World

FATHER OF HIS REPUBLIC
Don Niceto Alcalá Zamora, first President of Spain

Zamora has always been eminently respectable. He was born of well-to-do Andalusians whose names dot the maps. He attended the universities of Granada and Madrid and studied law. He was elected to Parliament both by the village of Le Carolina and by his native town of Priego de Cordoba. At that time, 1906, Zamora was 29 and, of course, a Monarchist—a Liberal but not a Socialist by any means. Sitting for Le Carolina year in and year out, he became Minister of Public Works in 1918 and Minister of War in 1923. But for the dictatorship established later in 1923 he might easily have become Premier. As it was, the premier-dictator, Primo de Rivera, dissolved Parliament and Zamora had more time for his law practice, his family and his farms in southern Spain. Yet he seems to have had no time for and no thought of revolution. Until 1930 he was still thinking in terms of the monarchy, and, even after he saw the light, he favored a conservative rather than a socialist re-

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public. The distinction made no difference to Alfonso, who clapped him into jail when the republican forces converged under his leadership.

It made a good deal of difference, however, when Zamora took command of the provisional government. In the creation of the Constitution he was a conservative check to the swing to the Left. A devout Catholic, he at one time found the swing so determined that he resigned from the provisional presidency. By a whacking majority, however, the national legislature has now elected him president for six years. As she launches her experiment in government, Spain is probably fortunate to have her Left-faced republic in the hands of this Right-faced republican.

▶▶*Knockout*

IT IS not every day that the wets score such a clean-cut knockout as that scored on December 13 by Henry H. Curran, president of the Association Against the Prohibition Amendment. Before him was the December 8 warning of F. Scott McBride, Anti-Saloon League superintendent, to the members of Congress. The League, Mr. McBride wrote, "does not accept the theory that a vote to resubmit the Eighteenth Amendment is a neutral vote. Such a shifting of responsibilities to the states would be a surrender of constitutional prerogatives and an evasion of Congressional duty." Before Mr. Curran was also the record of dry leaders as far back as the Anti-Saloon League's "Jubilee Convention" in 1913. In contrast to the December 8 statement Mr. Curran found and reported that:

On December 11, 1913—a day after Senator Sheppard of Texas introduced his prohibition amendment into Congress for submission to the states—Mrs. Ella Boole, W. C. T. U. president, told the House Judiciary Committee that "the people have a right to be heard."

On April 16, 1914, Bishop Cannon told the Senate Judiciary Committee that, "Whenever it becomes evident that a large percentage of the people desire an opportunity to express themselves upon a great question, the body in whose hands is committed the right to decide whether the people shall have that opportunity should at least divide the responsibilities with the people as to the decision of that question."

On May 1, 1914, Dr. E. C. Dinwiddie, another prominent dry, told the same committee that the drys were simply asking Congress to "give the people a chance to vote on this proposition by a referendum through their state legislatures."

And on July 30, 1917, Senator Sheppard told the Senate itself that to refuse the people such an opportunity "overturns the two most sacred privileges the people possess, the privileges of referendum and petition."

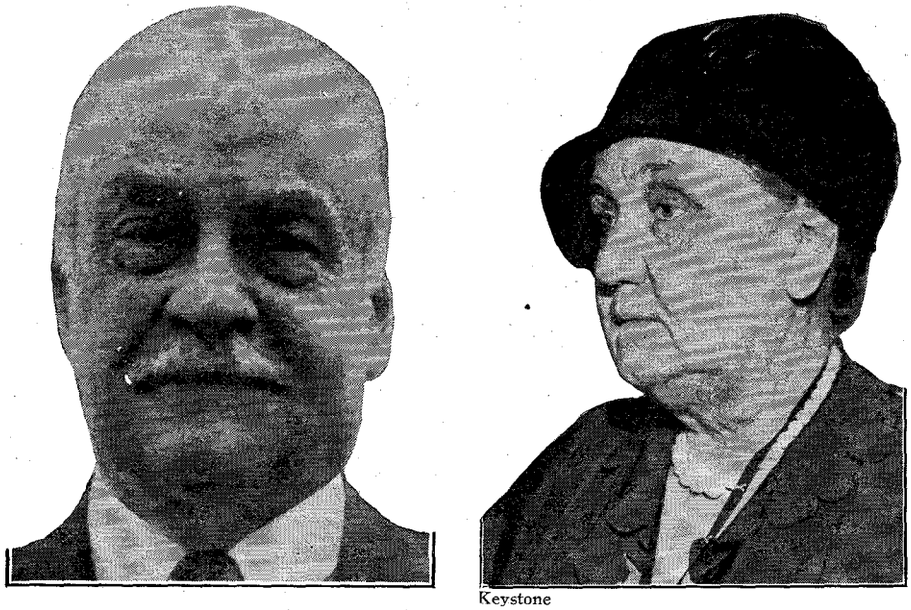
What more need be said?

▶▶*Good Choice; Poor Choice*

IN OUR OPINION, Nicholas Murray Butler is entitled to the Nobel Peace Prize for 1931. In our opinion, if you insist, Miss Jane Addams is not.

Both practically and academically, Dr. Butler has been working for the peaceful settlement of international disputes during the past twenty-five years. He enjoys the acquaintance, confidence and respect of virtually every salient public figure in the United States and Europe. He is chiefly responsible for the foundation of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, of which he is president. He is one of the principal American champions of the World Court and the League of Nations. He was more influential than any other layman in the creation of the Kellogg peace pact—faint praise, perhaps, but these things are relative.

Miss Addams, chosen to share the prize with Dr. Butler, has no such record. One of the most able of American charitable workers—her Hull House Settlement in Chicago is known all over the world—and one of the most admirable women alive, she nevertheless has done nothing of the first magnitude in the cause of world peace. True, she founded and has been the guiding spirit of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, but, with all due respect for this organization, it can scarcely be called important. Had her peace work been half as distinguished as her social work, the Nobel prize would have been a fitting reward. As matters stand, like some other recipients of this prize, she has been given an award which her record does not warrant.



Keystone

PEACE PRIZE WINNERS
Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia University, and Miss Jane Addams of Chicago

▶▶*Meehan Leaves N. Y. U.*

THE young men at our colleges are evidently to learn no lessons in forthrightness when time comes to change football coaches. Take, for example, the case of John F. ("Chick") Meehan, the coach who made great crowds pay hard dollars to watch the New York University football teams. Though Mr. Meehan's coaching engagement with N. Y. U. has been terminated, no one says positively that he was fired or exactly why he is leaving. He may have demanded that his salary be increased above the university's limit. The university may have demanded that it be decreased below his limit. It may be that the school's undergraduate *Daily News* won its fight against Mr. Meehan and overemphasized football and it may be that the alumni simply thought that football was not being emphasized enough—Mr. Meehan's 1931 team, in spite of everything, lacked the winning ways of his 1927-28 products.

President Brown of N. Y. U. has carefully covered the clues to this little mystery. He has done so in a report concurred in by the faculty board of athletic control. Dr. Brown concedes that mistakes may have been made during the seven-year régimé of Mr. Meehan and

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brandishes a year-old athletic policy which would minimize the emphasis now placed on football at N. Y. U. This policy, he says, "will determine the selection of a head coach to succeed Mr. Meehan." Yet if Mr. Meehan must go because of his connection with the old policy, what of the faculty, which, according to Dr. Brown himself, actually shaped that old policy? Moreover, if Mr. Meehan's régimé had all the evils imputed by the statements of the new policy —organized recruiting, subsidizing and so on—how can Dr. Brown declare that Mr. Meehan's time with N. Y. U. "will always be remembered by New York University men with a sense of appreciation and admiration for what he has accomplished"?

▶▶*Eyes on Washington*

A FEW SIMPLE FACTS begin to emerge from the welter of reports and rumors as to reparations and war debts. It becomes increasingly evident, for example, that the nature of the next step may be largely determined in Washington. Thus, the most interesting development abroad during the first fortnight of December was not the meeting at Basle, Switzerland, of the Young plan signatories hearing Germany's request for reduced reparations after June 1, 1932 —the expiration date of the Hoover moratorium. Nor was it the meeting at Berlin of international bankers considering means of handling Germany's private debts after February 29, 1932— the expiration date of their agreement not to call short-term loans to Germany. It was the action of the French government in notifying our State Department that reductions in reparations must be accompanied by reductions in war debts. This notification squares with statements made by Premier Laval after his return to France from his visit to Washington. If the French do not back down—and they rarely do—it seems to mean that Germany will get very little relief from her creditors unless the United States extends relief to its debtors.

▶▶*Trends at Washington*

INDICATIONS of the trends at Washington regarding reparations and war debts developed with and following President Hoover's December 10 message on our foreign relations. In this message Mr. Hoover urged members of Congress to translate the support many of them accorded his moratorium move last summer into definite legislative approval. Having expressed well-justified confidence that Congress would do so, he ventured into suggestions for the next move. He laid down the premise that when the moratorium comes to an end certain governments will be unable to meet further payments to us in full "pending recovery in their economic life." In some cases, he said, it will be necessary to make still further "temporary adjustments," and he recommended that Congress re-create the World War Foreign Debt Commission to examine and report recommendations concerning the debt problems of the "present economic emergency." It is clear, then, that he is proposing temporary reduction of the war debts rather than either permanent reduction or total cancellation. Thus a semblance of clarity finally succeeds the utter confusion written into the Hoover-Laval statements of October. Six weeks after these statements were issued, on November 26, Premier Laval declared that France would accept no new reparations arrangement "except for the period of the economic depression," no reduction in reparations "save in proportion as a reduction is granted to us on the war debts." It would therefore seem that Mr. Hoover and M. Laval are in mutual agreement on temporary—only temporary—reductions all around.

But Mr. Hoover and Congress are not in agreement at all. Far from it,

Remarkable Remarks

Music critics are a race noted for freedom of prejudice of any kind.—DEEMS TAYLOR. *Mary Louise Reich, 4115 McPherson Ave., St. Louis, Mo., $5 prize.*

And money is not everything. It is important only because it means comfort and freedom from slavery.—ARTHUR BRISBANE. *John P. Egan, 615 Fifth Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., $2 prize.*

I would ban rouge and lipstick as esthetically offensive.—DEAN INGE. *E. Webster, 106 W. 13th St., New York, $2 prize.*

Mr. Farley and I had a very nice talk about the relative value of pine trees.—FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT. *E. H. Frost, Box 262, Summerville, S. C., $2 prize.*

Successful political candidates in the United States of America often do not appear to possess intelligence of a high order.—DR. HARVEY C. LEHMAN and DR. PAUL C. WITTY. *Arthur Johnson, 282 E. 49th St. N., Portland, Oregon, $2 prize.*

It's a very tough hand and I'm trying to figure out the distribution. If you want to save time you can tell me what you have in your hand.—ELY CULBERTSON. *Dorothy Hoover, 59 West 12th St., New York, $2 prize.*

I thought we were playing diamonds, not no trump.—SIDNEY S. LENZ. *David Lindsey, 141 Midland Ave., Glen Ridge, N. J., $2 prize.*

I do not think writers are of any importance whatever.—HUGH WALPOLE. *R. P. Santen, 15 Fairfax Place, Utica, N. Y., $2 prize.*

Nobody could ever earn 70,000 or 80,000 bucks a year by being a crab.—BABE RUTH. *Mrs. F. Gilbert Gregory, Jr., 295 Highland Ave., Hamburg, N. Y., $2 prize.*

Some morning when you wake up you will find the depression GONE.—MERLE THORPE. *E. Webster, 106 W. 13th St., New York, $2 prize.*

Conditions governing the Remarkable Remarks contest will be found on page 543

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judging by the failure of both Republican and Democratic leaders to endorse Mr. Hoover's proposal for the re-creation of the debt commission. The chorus of congressional dissent indicates not only that total cancellation and permanent reduction are both out of the question but also that Congress may not favor temporary reduction either. It may balk at anything more than an extension of the moratorium. Conceivably it may balk at even that. Yet, whatever else it does or should do, Congress should re-create the debt commission. Its refusal to do so would be interpreted as an admission that it dares not face the facts the commission would collect.

▸▸*Smitten With Boils*

COMPOSITE newspaper picture of the Washington meeting of the Republican National Executive Committee: "While some of the leaders were jubilant and declared that improvement in conditions next year would reëlect President Hoover, most of them were very depressed over the outlook, declaring that 'only the most grievous mistakes by Democrats' would assure Republican success next November" (New York *Times*). . . . "For instance, there prevailed among a great many, perhaps the majority of the committee, dissatisfaction with the Administration's stand on prohibition, its foreign policies, its futile attempts to correct economic adversities and pretty general resentment among women leaders for the 'shabby treatment' accorded them in the distribution of patronage. . . . Disapproval of the gestures made by the Administration toward ultimate cancellation of foreign indebtedness to the United States was reflected in vigorous comments of committee men" (New York *American*).

"Beneath the surface in hotel rooms where low-voiced conversations are going on among arriving party leaders there is much grumbling and dissatisfaction. . . . Some of the staunchest old-line Republicans charge privately that he [Mr. Hoover] has been lacking in political skill. . . . They also say privately that Mr. Hoover has been too much engaged in making major controversies out of incidents such as the Navy League criticisms in which he sought vindication through a 'jury' dominated by his own appointees. . . . Unlike the 1912 episode this smoldering dissatisfaction comes from the ranks of the party regulars" (New York *Sun*). . . . "Mr. Kingsley [Hoover headquarters man of 1928] is quoted as having submitted that 'Massachusetts and Rhode Island are gone' already on the prohibition issue question and the Republican party had need to look to the matter at once if it wanted to avoid serious consequences elsewhere. . . . Joseph M. Nutt, treasurer of the Republican National Committee, indicated that collection prospects were not overencouraging" (New York *Herald-Tribune*).

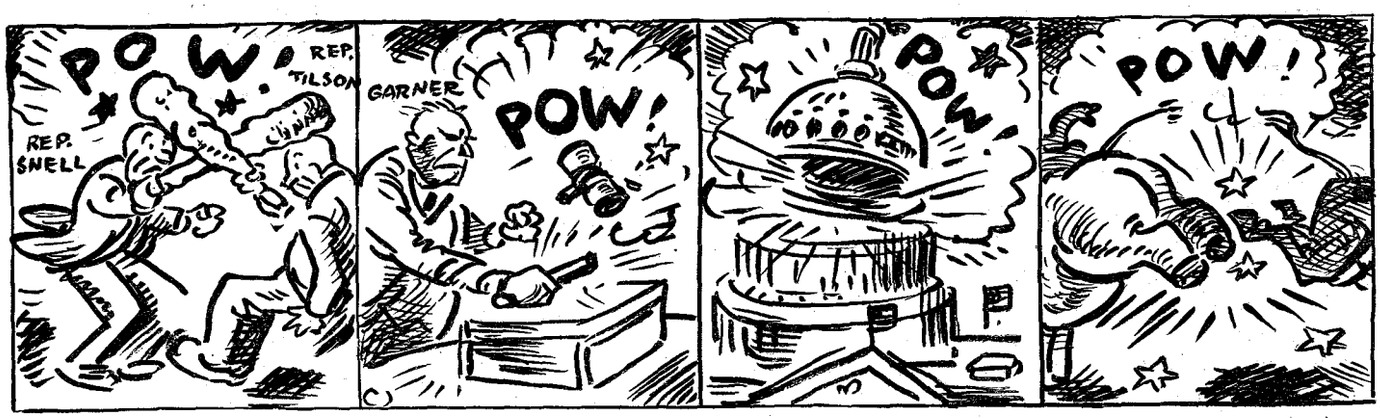
After this opened Job his mouth, and cursed his day.

Duffy in the Baltimore Sun

"MARYLAND, MY MARYLAND!"

▸▸*In Brief*

AT LAST reports Mr. Sidney Lenz was still ahead at bridge and Mr. Ely Culbertson at repartee . . . . Long after the present match is forgotten Mr. Culbertson will be remembered as the man who, instead of apologizing for his delay when it was protested by his opponent, declared: "It's a very tough hand and I'm trying to figure out the distribution. If you want to save time you can tell me what you have in your hand." . . . "Prof. Fisher Scores Lack of Leadership"—newspaper headline. Being a good deal of an expert on lack of leadership. . . . Premier Inukai's name may be pronounced "Takeshi," "Tsuyoshi" or "Kogashi." It may not, however, be pronounced "Inukai." . . . Defeated for reëlection as mayor of Newburyport, Massachusetts, and on the way out of public life, red-headed "Bossy" Gillis carries one distinction with him. No one else we know of ever made the stately Boston Evening *Transcript* lose its precious balance and begin to call names. The *Transcript* called Bossy "the Gaekwar of Newburyport" and said he had "brought into challenge the basic principle of government in the United States." . . . Now that admirers have started to build a bronze statue of him 370 feet high, Lenin will soon go out of favor in Russia. We Americans ought to know; look what happened here after we erected the Statue of Liberty. . . . Nicholas Murray Butler thinks the nations should consolidate their departments of war, navy and aviation into single departments of national defense. He thinks a good way to secure peace is to apply new names to instruments of war.



SOMETHING TIMELY FOR THE RECORD

Rep. John J. Boylan of New York believes The Congressional Record should be modernized by the inclusion of comic strips, etc. Endorsing this suggestion, we submit the strip above, which may be included in the next issue of The Record for a small consideration

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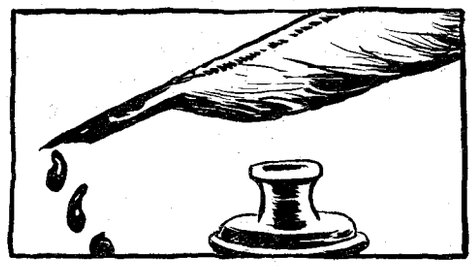
Maryland Has a Lynching



On Friday, December 4, the Eastern Shore of Maryland staged a particularly revolting lynching, the first the state has witnessed in twenty years. In the little city of Salisbury, population 10,000, a Negro, one Matthews Williams, shot and killed his employer, a box manufacturer, and then turned the pistol upon himself, inflicting a severe wound. Reeling away from the scene of the crime, he was shot in the head by the manufacturer's son, was arrested and taken to a hospital. A few hours later a mob formed, descended on the hospital, seized Williams, dropped him out of a window, dragged him to the courthouse green, and, while a crowd of two thousand persons applauded, hung him from a tree. The body was then cut down, dragged to the outskirts of Salisbury's Negro quarter and burned.

Had the outrage occurred in some other Southern State, this might have been the end of it. As it happened, it occurred in Maryland, whose considerable body of intelligent citizens rightly pride themselves on their government, their courts and their respect for law and order. Broadly it may be said that the opinions of this group are both voiced and directed by the admirable *Sunpapers*—the *Sun* and the Evening *Sun*. And the *Sunpapers* came through as one might have expected them to do. Their news columns covered the details of the lynching and its aftermath with thoroughness and complete fairness. Their editorial pages issued telling denunciations of the lynchers and demanded that the ringleaders be arrested and placed on trial, declaring that there was but one issue in the case—"whether persons accused of crime on the Eastern Shore shall be tried before the judges and in the courts which the Eastern Shore has set up for that purpose or whether they shall be executed by mobs."

As a final touch, H. L. Mencken stripped the hide from the lynchers and the territory which produced them in his column in the *Evening Sun* of Monday, December 7. The Salisbury *Times* had gently deplored the "demonstration" of December 4, hastening to warn its readers against "the overdrawn pictures that will be painted by metropolitan newspapers." The Cambridge *Daily Banner*, published nearby, had assailed the *Sun* for radicalism and, though it deplored the lynching as "very unfortunate," laid the blame for it on "the misrepresentation campaign that has been carried on by some of the Baltimore newspapers." Mr. Mencken knocked the wind out of all this in very short order.

There was a time, he said, when the Eastern Shore was "the seat of an urbane and charming culture, dominated by an enlightened and public-spirited gentry, but of late it has succumbed to its poor white trash, who now determine its ideas and run its affairs. . . . The whole area is a lush stamping ground for knavish politicians, prehensile professional patriots and whooping soul-savers. . . . There could be no better indication of the depths to which public opinion has sunk in Wicomico and Dorchester counties than the comments of the two local papers." The Salisbury *Times*, he pointed out, "went to the almost incredible length of dismissing the atrocity as a 'demonstration.' Well, the word somehow fits. It was indeed a demonstration of what civilization can come to in a region wherein there are no competent police, little save a simian self-seeking in public office, no apparent intelligence on the bench, and no courage and no decency in the local press." The lynching, he said, "was the natural culmination of a degenerating process that has been in progress for years. At least since the World War, the lower Shore has been going downhill, mentally and morally." Now it "holds us all up to the contempt of the Nation and the world by staging a public obscenity worthy of cannibals."

What is needed in that region, he said, "is simply a revival of enlightenment, a liberation of decent opinion. . . . . The difficulty is that the running of things in that whole unhappy region has passed into the hands of ninth-rate men. . . . The majority of people, even in Wicomico, are probably teachable. The trouble is that no one bothers to teach them. They are resigned to the devil and left in their dismal isolation—miles from a lemon and more miles from a book. . . . So I call for volunteers. The first should come from the lower Shore itself. Let its small minority of educated and civilized young men bestir themselves lest their people be lost altogether."

To say that Mr. Mencken's article is an admirable piece of incisive invective is to say only what is perfectly obvious. Admirable, too, is the whole job the *Sunpapers* have done in their treatment of this lynching case. Cynics may say that the lynchers are still to be punished, but that is beside the point. The point is that the *Sunpapers* have fulfilled the best traditions of intelligent journalism. Newspapers are not police forces, nor prosecutors, nor courts. Their job is not to arrest, try and punish the perpetrators of crimes. Their job is rather to inform and arouse the public so that these processes may be duly carried out. If they accept and work at it as hard as the *Sunpapers* have done, over a period of time they can exert enormous influence for good. The two Baltimore papers have given other newspapers a high mark to shoot at.

The Editors

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Backstage in Washington

WASHINGTON, D. C.

PUFFING and red-faced, the Honorable Ogden L. Mills may not appear in the light of a heroic figure as he rushes breathlessly about the Capitol in a vain effort to obtain general approval for President Hoover's program of further leniency to our European debtors. Naturally dictatorial, Mr. Mills is not at his best when, hat in hand, he must beg favors from such carelessly dressed and spoken fellows as "Jack" Garner, Borah, "Jim" Watson and Pat Harrison. Except for delayed ratification of the moratorium, Mr. Mills has been forced to report ignominous failure to "the Old Man," Andrew W. Mellon, and to "the Chief," Herbert Hoover.

Nevertheless, Mr. Mills has emerged, as we predicted he would, to be the dominant figure in the Treasury, and to be the man upon whom Mr. Hoover places strongest dependence in these exciting days. It used to be said that three Presidents had served under Mr. Mellon. Now it may be recorded, and truthfully, that Mr. Mellon serves under Mr. Mills, and, in so far as financial matters are concerned, so does Mr. Hoover. The pudgy, pleasant multi-millionaire from New York has been dictating Treasury policies with respect to borrowings, increased taxation and the moratorium for many months now. Mr. Mellon is, we hear, absolutely under his sway, taking his advice with the meekness of a youngster who knows what is good for him.

Indeed, we get word that Mr. Mills read a rather sharp lecture to the President during the latter's preparation of his budget message. As always, Mr. Hoover wanted to present to Congress a more rosy report on the state of the union than the facts justified. As a matter of fact, wherever possible, Mr. Hoover did color the canvas so as to give it a more pleasing appearance, but he could not avoid a few unpleasant realities when he came to describe the actual condition of the Treasury. That the Presidential message even approximated the existing situation, we understand, is due almost entirely to Mr. Mills. We hear that the latter, in urging against a pollyannaish pronouncement, informed the President his facts and figures would not agree with the Treasury statement unless he represented things as they are.

More than that, for the first time in many years Mr. Mellon's report, including his proposal for increased taxation, was released for publication simultaneously with Mr. Hoover's budget message. It looks as if treasury officials were unwilling to take a chance on the exactness of the Presidential document, and set out to give Congress and the public the whole truth and nothing but the truth at the earliest possible moment. It is Mr. Mills, too, who has maintained, in the face of official displeasure, that drastic steps must be taken to begin to balance the budget, even if it means much higher taxes on the eve of a presidential election. The Under-Secretary of the Treasury obviously wrote his superior's message, and, it appears, a good part of Mr. Hoover's. Few men in the Capital, or rather, in the Hoover Administration, possess his flair for positiveness in spirit and expression, and that quality marked the report submitted to Congress by Mr. Mellon.

The venerable Secretary of the Treasury would not have bowed to such dictation a few years ago. But, physically and mentally, he is obviously slowing down. Whereas he once enjoyed the reputation of being the canniest official at the Capital, especially in his contacts with the inquisitive press, he now makes many blunders at his conferences. It was he who prematurely gave out the information that a "selective sales tax" was under consideration, thereby stirring needless opposition long before Mr. Mills had arrived at any conclusions. After a few more breaks he was informed, so he admitted quite naïvely, that he was talking too much. He was told that silence is golden, and such language, of course, he understands. Like a good banker-politician, Mr. Mellon behaved, and subsequent press conferences proved fruitless in so far as getting news was concerned.

Mr. Mellon will, of course, serve out his present term, but should Mr. Hoover be reëlected, the secretaryship will probably go to Mr. Mills, who certainly has earned it. Now 76 years old, the Pittsburgh veteran begins to show his age. His hands, strangely fragile and childlike for so forceful a figure in the financial world, flutter feebly, helplessly as he strives to collect his thoughts and gather his words. His habit of closing his eyes while he gropes for phrases with which to express himself clearly—which he rarely does—now seems no longer the shyness of a recluse; it seems more like a gesture of weariness by a simple, tired old man. The buoyancy he exhibited when stocks were going up, and Alexander Hamilton basked, posthumously, in Mellonish sunlight, is gone.

Mr. Mills, on his part, has improved under the burden of responsibilities shifted to his broad shoulders. When he served in the House he was snobbish, easily angered, domineering. There were so little balance and tolerance to him that an insolent interruption by a semi-illiterate member would send him into such a frenzy that he could not conclude his speech. Many a time, though he had the better cause and the keener mind, he suffered defeat because he could not keep his head—and his tongue. Except by the small circle which knew him well, and those who admired willingness to work—"to pull his oar in the shell," as he puts it—in a man worth at least $50,000,000, he was envied and disliked. There was little weeping when he quit the chamber, and stacked up against Al Smith in the 1926 gubernatorial contest in New York. His career seemed at an end when, after a most inept campaign, he was whipped by more than 250,000 majority.

DESPITE his tremendous interest in doing things, big things, Hooverish things, we doubt if he contemplates the future with happiness. Although it would please him to become Secretary of the Treasury, his real ambition is to sit in the United States Senate. Mellowed and Melloned, as we have described, he would undoubtedly become an able and excellent member of that body. But the political cards are stacked against him. New York is, and ought to be for some time to come, a Democratic dominion. "Bob" Wagner, who seeks reëlection to the Senate next year, has made a fairly good record, and will make a formidable candidate against Mr. Mills or anybody else. So will "Doc" Copeland in 1934, strange as that may seem. Moreover, it is becoming quite clear—even to Mr. Mills, we suspect—that anyone associated with the Hoover Administration during the present period will go before the politicians and the voters with a lot to live down, rightly or wrongly. So Mr. Mills, we fear, must ask no other reward than satisfaction won through keeping Messrs. Hoover and Mellon—and the record—straight. That, we submit, in view of previous Hoover-Mellon estimates and prophecies, is a major accomplishment.

A. F. C.

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▸▸ Democracy Back in Power ◂◂

Omen of '32: Democrats Control the House

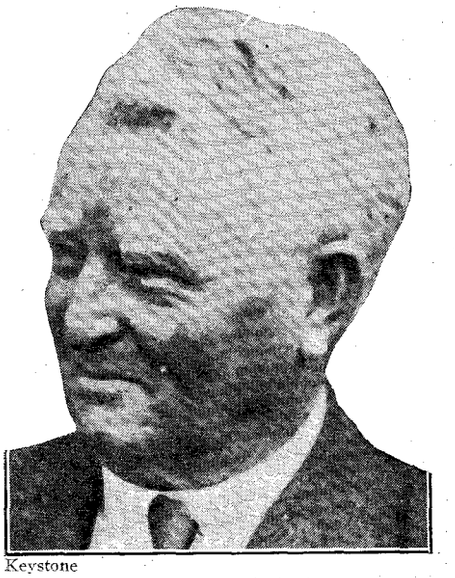
By HENRY F. PRINGLE

IT WAS all rather similar to the opening of the fall semester at college. The boys—and girls, too—of the Seventy-second Congress had been gathering in Washington for several days prior to December 7 and had hailed each other with great good cheer upon meeting in downtown hotels, in the corridors of the Capitol and in the Senate and House restaurants. The rival leaders who attracted the most attention were jovial Jack Garner of Texas and the more suave, although equally jovial, Bert Snell of New York—both candidates for Speaker of the House of Representatives. Their adherents abandoned their occasional antipathies to shake hands, to lunch together and even, no doubt, to indulge in a discreet snort of post-prohibition rye behind the closed doors of some private office.

The convening of the Seventy-second Congress was not, however, a wholly joyous occasion. The Democrats held the House by a small majority. The Republican margin in the Senate was even smaller, and leaders of both parties were well aware that their control was dubious. They knew, moreover, that an unreasonable public would surely expect some action which would lift the depression and, in their hearts, that any legislative cure for economic ills would probably fail. All the backslapping did little to dispel their apprehensions that the session ahead would surely be stormy, that it might be futile. In addition there were reasons for personal sorrow. Certain friends and rivals of former years would not be present when the clerk began calling the roll. Most sadly missed was Speaker Longworth of Ohio, who died of pneumonia last summer. The toll of death had been heavy in the House, while in the Senate Morrow of New Jersey and Caraway of Arkansas were gone. Even more widespread had been the losses due to politics. A good many of the "old boys" who had shone in the Seventy-first Congress had been repudiated by their constituencies.

Numerous party caucuses had been held on Friday and Saturday of the previous week and everything was in readiness for the opening of Congress at noon on Monday, December 7. By 11 o'clock on that day, while the so-called "hunger marchers" held their silly demonstration in the Capitol Plaza, the galleries were comfortably filled. By five minutes before 12 o'clock not a vacant seat was to be seen. Normally the Senate, because of its more widely known members, is the stellar attraction, but this year the House was the center of interest. It had changed hands for the first time since the session of 1919. The Democrats would elect a Speaker.

The galleries stirred uneasily during a lengthy prayer by the Chaplain and the calling of the roll. "A quorum is present" declared the incredibly grave and decorous clerk, William Tyler Page, and the remark brought the first laugh of a session; the attendance was the largest in history. Then came the high moment of the day, the choice of a Speaker. No basis for suspense existed, of course. The Democrats had announced John N. Garner as their candidate and held a five-vote majority over Bertrand H. Snell, the Republican choice. And yet it was impressive. "Garner" called one Congressman from the rear of the chamber; "Snell" answered the next. It was easy to imagine that the outcome was in doubt and forty minutes passed before a teller whispered the result to Clerk Page. Garner had received 218 votes; Snell 207. Five votes had gone to representative George J. Schneider, Wisconsin Progressive, to whom insurgents unwilling to support Snell had turned. Garner had been elevated to the post second in influence to that of the President of the United States, a post held in the past by the famous "Czar" Reed and Uncle Joe Cannon. Soon he came down the center aisle of the House, his face very red and showing obvious nervousness, to be introduced by the man he had just defeated. "It is indeed a pleasure. . . ." began the Republican leader, whose frock coat contrasted with the brown business suit and soft collar of the new Speaker and seemed to signify that the G. O. P. was still the party of respectability. Mr. Snell was complimentary and facile and apparently sincere, while Mr. Garner, in acknowledging the honor just received, was restrained and brief. He had made no promises in order to gain the office, he said, and he would make none now. This was not the time to present the Democratic program. He then called the House to order. His Democratic supporters did not suppress their joy, however. Their cheers had echoed through the Capitol when the result of the balloting was announced. The high-pitched rebel yell of the Southern members rose above the cheers when he took his place on the rostrum.



Keystone

JOHN N. GARNER
Democrat and new Speaker of the House

The opening of the Senate was drab in comparison. True, the galleries were full and Vice-President Curtis, who presided, received his due share of attention. He had abandoned his earlier temptation to desert the Hoover ship and run for the Senate in Kansas. But this was a routine session of the Senate and it promptly adjourned in memory of Morrow and Caraway. There are signs that the year will not be a distinguished one for "the greatest deliberative body in the world." The nominal Republican strength is forty-eight, although actually it is much smaller. The Democrats hold forty-seven seats, while one, that of Shipstead of Minnesota, is classified as Farmer-Labor.

No Congress has faced such grave questions since the World War. No Congress in history, perhaps, has been beset by so many complexities, and the chief of these are the small majorities in each House. In addition, this is a pre-Presidential year. One question, at all events, cannot be dodged. The Seventy-second Congress will have to work out some plan for increased taxation and it must be done in a manner which will arouse the least possible public protest. President Hoover's budget message dealt with this subject at great length; he recommended the reëstablishment of the 1926 revenue act to pay off, in part, the mounting government deficit. Secretary Mellon, in a detailed report, suggested the establishment of new taxes on automobiles, radios, telegraph and telephone messages, checks and bank drafts.

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The dilemma of the House, which must initiate all revenue legislation, is clear. Mr. Hoover might receive the credit if the Administration bill is passed —and the Democratic majority might incur all the blame for the new burdens. If the bill is amended by increasing income taxes in the upper brackets the ancient charge will again be made that "the Democrats are out to wreck business." If the increase falls too heavily on the small taxpayer, essential Democratic strength in the large cities will be alienated. So also, in varying degrees, with the other important issues. Something must be done about unemployment, but huge bond issues for public works will bring accusations of extravagance. The tariff should be lowered. But if it is, those who benefit from high schedules will say that the Democrats seek further to cripple business. Downward revision of the foreign debts and the German moratorium must be considered. "How about a moratorium for us?" will then be the cry from the Kansas farmer. That old nightmare, the debenture clause of the McNary-Haugen farm relief bills, will come up again; and for this there is no solution which leaves the politician unscarred. Other troublesome subjects will be appropriations for veterans' relief, the "power trust," banking laws, enactments against short selling on security and commodity exchanges, relief for the railroads, unemployment insurance and, of course, prohibition. If hard times continue the ghost of 1896, silver coinage may arise from its tomb.

The Seventy-second Congress will be one of compromises. Any other prediction would be absurd at the moment, although it is possible to give some idea of the forces at work behind the scenes. The battles which take place on the floor of the Senate or the House are invariably preceded by lengthy conferences in caucus or committee meetings. Neither House, if the term is used literally, is really a democratic body. But does the election of Garner as Speaker mean the dawn of a new era in the House, a body held in domination by the Longworth legislative machine? I doubt that it does, although the rules have been amended so that bills can be rescued from death by suffocation at the hands of the committees. The true answer to the question probably lies in an altered viewpoint on the part of Garner himself. As minority leader, he protested vehemently against the "gag rule" and jeered at the conservatism of that "bald Plymouth rock"—a reference to Nick Longworth, who was also his best friend. Last year the voice of Garner was the voice of the people, but now it is the voice of the Democratic Party. This was clearly revealed during a conversation with some newspaper correspondents shortly before Congress convened. As friendly as ever and outwardly unchanged, an aura of reserve hung over Jack Garner none the less. He would not reveal his program, he said. His mind turned, as he talked, to the days of Speaker Cannon, the autocrat whom Theodore Roosevelt sometimes fought and to whom William Howard Taft surrendered. Uncle Joe, said Mr. Garner, had been an admirable figure in many ways. He was a leader as much as a "czar."

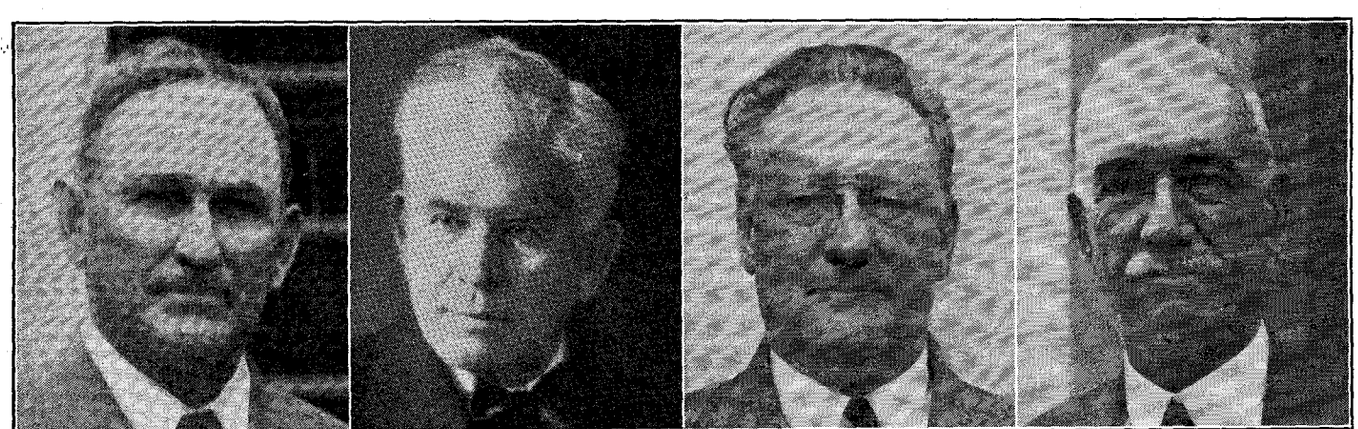
"And you're going to try to be a czar, too," someone accused.

"Why no," he answered blandly, "I'll be a leader. If a man can persuade his followers that he's right, he's a leader. If he has to force them into line, he's a czar. That's the difference."

Signs are not lacking, however, that Garner proposes to have his own way; to use all legitimate methods to that end. His majority is very slender and he intends to see that the five votes by which he controls the House are always available. It was not purely the coincidence of a son at school in Washington which brought John F. Curry, the boss of Tammany Hall, to the Capital as the Seventy-second Congress convened. He came, also, to see the new Speaker and he was in conference with Garner on several occasions. It can be said without much fear of contradiction that Curry made one promise of great importance to "Czar" Garner. Henceforth the twenty-odd Tammany Congressmen who owe their jobs to Curry will be in their seats when a Democratic party measure is before the House. Gone are the happy days of no responsibility, when a Tammany member arrived at the the Capitol with "a speech in one hand and a time-table in the other."

What did Mr. Curry receive in return? It may have been the appointment of Representative Christy Sullivan, a faithful Tammany man, to the important Ways and Means Committee. Perhaps he was pleased by having two Tammany Congressmen on the Appropriations Committee. It may have delighted him to know that Representative Loring Black of New York would be a member of the Claims Committee. It is not possible to state the specific reward, if one was made, but Mr. Curry is certainly more influential in national affairs than is usual for the boss of a local machine. Speaker Garner, there is slight doubt, is perfecting all possible alliances at the moment. Immediately after the adjournment of Congress on December 7 Boss Curry was escorted to the House restaurant and there, at a table once reserved for the leaders of the Republican majority, he had lunch with a group of legislators and writers. During the meal Ed Crump, the boss of Memphis, Tennessee, stopped at the table. He was a tall, impressive gentleman, with the charm which so frequently characterizes important political figures.

(Continued on Page 533)



Keystone

J. T. Robinson, Democratic minority leader in the Senate; H. T. Rainey, Democratic majority leader in the House; James Watson, Republican majority leader in the Senate; John Q. Tilson, defeated by Representative Snell for minority leadership in the House

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▸▸ Chief of the Scripps News Falcons ◂◂

A Portrait of Roy Howard, Boss Reporter

By HARRY SALPETER

"IF I were a newspaperman looking for a job in New York the man I'd try hardest to tie up with is Roy Howard," said Theodore Dreiser to a man from the *World* six months before Howard bought it. I was the man.

The *World* and The *Evening World* passed because the living hands into whose control they had passed were not so strong and so supple as had been the hands which had founded them and made them powerful. Edward Willys Scripps gave his son, Robert Paine Scripps, a right arm in Roy Howard. Unlike Joseph Pulitzer, he subtracted from the inheritance so that more might be added to it; and so well did he choose a right arm for his son that men know the name of the right arm, but have to be prodded into the recollection that "Old Man" Scripps did leave a son to carry on the paternal name in the field of American journalism.

Technically, not Roy W. Howard, but the Scripps-Howard Newspapers, of which Howard is chairman of the board, bought The *World*, but when you say Scripps-Howard, the figure that emerges is not a corporate entity, a board of directors, but the slight, dapper, large-headed figure of a middle-aged man, a compact fashion-plate who is hail-fellow-well-met to the world in a voice that goes squeaky in the top notes. Roy Howard is Scripps-Howard Newspapers. Roy Howard is the man who constructed, out of next to nothing, the news gathering and distributing service, the United Press, which is no longer the underdog rival to the Associated Press that it was even a dozen years ago. Scripps-Howard means also the Newspaper Enterprise Association and Science Service, feature syndicates, Acme newspictures, and other enterprises. Roy Howard is himself the living extension of the founder of the related enterprises which E. W. Scripps built on the uncertain basis of the *Penny Press* of Cleveland way back in 1878.

"Old Man" Scripps laid upon his younger colleagues the injunction to continue buying newspapers with the profits of the Scripps-Howard enterprises, forever and a day. When, in 1923, Scripps-McRae became Scripps-Howard, it became that on the condition that Howard's salary should remain relatively small and his cut of profits large and that those profits should be used for the purchase of additional stock in Scripps-Howard newspapers. Since his death in 1926 the Indianapolis *Times*, the Pittsburgh *Press*, the Youngstown *Telegram*, the Denver Rocky Mountain *News* and the New York *Telegram* have become Scripps-Howard papers. Not until the purchase

ROY HOWARD

of The *World* has the Scripps-Howard organization ever bought an important newspaper in the Munsey manner, that is, in order to kill it. For the Pittsburgh *Press* approximately six million dollars was said to have been paid. The owner of the Indianapolis *Times* was with difficulty persuaded to sell, but Howard wanted it because it was in his old home town, the town in which he had been a newsboy, and he did not get it until he had stacked almost half a million in cash and securities on a desk in a Chicago office. The owner then capitulated.

If it was a point of pride with Howard to buy a paper in the town on the streets of which he had hawked newspapers and run about on his first assignments, it was, I suspect, a point of pride with him to buy The *World* because, twenty-seven years ago, he had been unable to obtain a job on the morning *World*. One does not spend three million dollars to satisfy a point of pride or spite, and perhaps Howard should thank his stars that he never was able to pass that office boy, but the memory of that office boy rankled for many years in the mind of one man who once thought that to work on The *World* would be the grandest thing a newspaperman could do.

In 1904 Roy Howard went to New York to spend his two weeks' vacation from the Indianapolis *Star* in the effort to get a job on The *World*. He put up at the Glen Island Hotel, a ramshackle and disreputable dollar-a-night hotel which was on, or near, the site of the present *World-Telegram* building. No newspaper cub of this generation can realize what magnetic force The *World* exercised upon young men of its heyday. For two weeks, says Howard, he tried in vain to get beyond that office boy. Plays and stories about newspaper life are full of the dodges employed by the dashing heroes to circumvent the obstacles which stand between them and the Personage. Howard himself later obtained an interview from England's War Premier, David Lloyd-George, the so-called "knockout" interview, and even managed to inveigh the elder Rockefeller into conversation by an elaborate dodge at the time of the Federal suit for dissolution of Standard Oil, after editors had despaired of obtaining a statement from the thin-lipped oil magnate.

But, in 1904, Roy Howard was not equal to the circumvention of a *World* office boy. It is easy to see and say now that that office boy made a grave error, but office boys are not supposed to be prophets and in 1904 Roy Howard could not have made a figure prepossessing enough to force a *World* office boy into obedience. With his head up and shoulders back, he is little more than five feet in height. Then he weighed not much more than 110 pounds. He had had a tendency in his newsboy days to tuberculosis.

ALTHOUGH his instinct always has been to dress in the height of the mode, his miserable income of that time could not have allowed an appearance smart enough to impress an office boy of even the garden variety. Perhaps in later years Roy Howard thanked his stars that he never did pass that office boy, for Joseph Pulitzer did not invariably know with whom to share authority and profit, certainly not to the degree that E. W. Scripps had that sense. Arthur Brisbane was not the only employe whose desire for self-expression conflicted with Pulitzer's temperament, if not policy. When, late in February, 1931, Roy Howard appeared in Surrogates Court in New

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York with the three sons of Joseph Pulitzer he must have realized how the story of the office boy who had barred his way in 1904 had mellowed with age and circumstance.

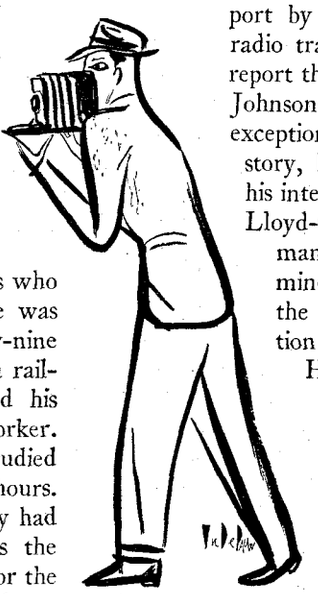
So deeply did that defeat at the barrier in 1904 bite into Howard's consciousness that he resolved that if ever he achieved authority he would never deny himself to any one looking for a job. His opportunity came sooner than he expected. After returning to Indianapolis he got a job, on the first day of 1905, on Pulitzer's St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* believing that it might be easier to find work on Pulitzer's *World* after he had proved his mettle on the *Post-Dispatch*. But the assistant telegraph editor remained less than seven months, leaving because his request for a $3 raise was refused. Ray Long, under whose sartorial influence he has ever since remained, then offered him a job on the Cincinnati *Post*, one of Scripps-McRae chain. Scripps's partner at the time was Colonel Milton McRae. There is a story which I have heard from the lips of old newspapermen—and therefore, dubious—that when Howard told his *Post-Dispatch* colleagues that he was going to work for Scripps, they sneered, saying: "Why work for that ———; he doesn't know how to run a paper?"

Nevertheless, he went. There were six Scripps-McRae papers in Ohio at that time. Howard persuaded his superiors that he should be appointed the New York correspondent for those papers. There was in operation at that time, in New York, a Scripps-McRae news service called the Publishers Press. It consisted of two desks and a telegraph instrument in a cubbyhole of an office. Five months after he had started work as correspondent for the Ohio papers Howard was offered the job of managing editor of the Publishers Press. It was suggested that he merge his correspondence for the Scripps-McRae papers in his "larger" duties, and accept for the higher responsibilities a reduction of pay from $50 to $35. Howard accepted.

For the first sixteen years during which he was engaged in the process of converting a makeshift two-by-four news gathering service into the tremendous world-girdling news gathering and distributing agency known as the United Press he never—so he says—kept the door of his office closed to any one who was looking for a job. But he no longer hires nor fires, he says—not since 1923, it would seem, when Scripps persuaded him to leave the United Press in the hands of Karl Bickel and share with Scripps in the development of the newspaper chain.

"In what way," I asked, "can you keep in touch with promising youngsters on the various Scripps-Howard organizations?"

He said that, unfortunately—I am quite sure he said unfortunately—the organization had grown so large that promising young men might fail to attract the attention they might have been able to attract in the old days, in those old days when the gruff old man himself said, after first seeing Howard, "That young man will never get indigestion licking my boots."



The story of Roy Howard is simply another version of the story of the poor boy from the provinces who conquered the big city. He was born at Gano, Ohio, forty-nine years ago. His father was a railroad mechanic who wished his son to be a white collar worker. To please him Roy studied stenography after school hours. The Howard family already had moved to Indianapolis. As the high school correspondent for the Indianapolis *News* he made so much money in space rates that the editor offered him a full-time job at a salary less than half of what he earned on space, and he accepted. He became sports editor of *The Star*, of the same city, and then moved to St. Louis. Then followed the Cincinnati *Post* (1905) and the Publishers Press in New York (1906), which became the basis of the United Press Associations.

He became general manager and president of the United Press in 1912 and in the following year business manager and chairman of the board. As boss of the works, he traveled all over the world selling that imponderable commodity known as news service, particularly to Europe and South America. One hundred and two papers in Latin-America now get their news about the United States from the American United Press instead of from European agencies. United Press news is printed in the papers of thirty-eight countries and eighteen languages. When, in 1927, Scripps-Howard came into New York and bought The *Evening Telegram* from Frank A. Munsey, the Associated Press membership that went with the purchase was as much as thrown into the waste paper basket and now Scripps-Howard has another A. P. membership, that which accompanied The *World*, but this one has not yet found a purchaser.

While he was selling news service all over the world he was also star correspondent during the war and at the Versailles conference. His dispatches, justified by authority, were the cause of the false, but of the only technically false, Armistice celebration of November 7, 1918. He scooped the world on the sinking of the *Titanic*, being at the time on the *Olympic*, which was going in the opposite direction, and he conveyed the report by means of the *Olympic's* radio transmitter. He was first to report the outcome of the Jeffries-Johnson fight. With the possible exception of his early-Armistice story, his best-known scoop was his interview in 1916 with David Lloyd-George, when the lion-maned Welshman spoke his mind for forty-five minutes on the subject of peace intervention by the United States.

Howard stood by, not daring to take a note. But the story which gives him the deepest pleasure was one that he covered at eighteen for the Indianapolis *News*, the editor of which was compelled to assign Roy to the story—a mysterious murder twenty-three miles out of town—because no full-fledged reporter was in the city room at the time. Young Howard got the story, telephoned it in and, late that afternoon, when the *News* came out, enjoyed the thrill that comes once in a lifetime—he saw his signature in print for the first time over a news story.

"If you were a reporter right now, on what story," I asked him, "would you like to be assigned?"

"If I *were* a reporter!" he countered. "Why, I've never stopped being a reporter; I've never been anything else. I still think I'm a good reporter even when I know that I'm a rotten executive. What story would I like to be assigned to? Why, a good reporter has no preferences. All good stories look alike to the good reporter, assignments make no difference; in other words, a good reporter never looks an assignment in the mouth."

He is not proud, he says. He has made all the mistakes that are makable, but if he has he is eager to acknowledge that he made them as an executive rather than as a reporter. Most successful newspaper executives like to convey the impression that they are reportorial bloodhounds chained to desks by inexorable necessity.

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▸▸ Citizen or Alien? ◂◂

The Tribulations of a Naturalized American

By NUMBER 45566

IN NOVEMBER, 1918, being a private in the American Army, I was marched to a court with several other aliens. Our names were read; Americans who were in the courtroom sniggered; the lands of our former allegiance were scrambled together in a mumbled recital; the clerk blushed as he read the name of the German ruler whose subjects one or two of us had been. We were asked if we renounced the said allegiance. Then, as an Irish boy remarked to his neighbor, "the States and Us were made man and wife."

A judge congratulated us, and we were marched back to our barracks. Nothing was changed about us. My fellow-privates still called me "Frenchy," just as my fellow-citizens, after all these years, still ask me what "we Frenchmen" think about this and that.

When I swore to uphold the Constitution it was legal to take a glass of wine in public. It was patriotic to say that France was the mother of culture and the last refuge of intellectual freedom; and that Russians were a great people. I was hounded by self-appointed secret agents because I had written that the Russians were a brutally misgoverned people. It was conceded—and unhealthy to deny—that the Germans were a cowardly race of bullies. The Poles were "a fine people," the Serbs a nation "of heroes," the southern Irish "rebels and traitors," the northern ones "patriots."

There had been so much salesmanship used in selling American naturalization papers to us that we had no great difficulty in believing that we must sink our personal views for the sake of the great boon conferred on us. I had known Serbs to be uncouth braggarts, Poles insolent oppressors, and Germans a serious but courageous people. But I had not the latest news from Europe, having been away a whole year.

We all shared in these simple notions. They did not seem too violently reprehensible at the time. Although we had little choice in the matter, none of us who swore to uphold the Constitution—possibly including the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments—really minded the pledge. If we had we would not have been so eager to renounce our exemptions. We would not have been wearing the shabby khaki uniform of Uncle Sam, crawling on our bellies in the mud, and listening to elemental speakers during our spare time. It was no great source of pride to know that I shared my new honor with thousands of anonymous illiterates. But America gave opportunities to all . . . . I was satisfied. I would seize my opportunity.

I do not know what the thousands of other naturalized aliens think today when they look back upon the great day of their renunciation. I know what I thought, what I felt, and what I know and feel at present. In spite of all temptation and effort, I am as much an alien to Americans as I am to the French, and when it comes to getting a job, I am more of an alien to both than I was when I enlisted in the American army.

MY AMERICAN naturalization has done me considerable damage; it has done me little good. I doubt if it ever can do any good to any mature educated foreigner, except in cases where the man is already Americanized and so much like a native born that he shares in all American prejudices, and has forgotten all the inherited thoughts and prejudices of his native land. The non-naturalized residents of the United States enjoy every right that is now mine except the vote. As I have no job, I have no vote unless someone pays my several taxes for me. The majority of aliens left in America have a better chance of working than I have. They are frankly foreigners; but what am I?

This is not a complaint. The people know now that the melting pot does not melt. My point is that any further pouring of alien ingredients into it should be stopped, and those who wish to obtain a naturalization certificate should be made to understand that it is an empty honor, and may become a burden to them and to native Americans. Do American public officials still think it desirable to allow educated foreigners to come into this country? Even if they dare answer this question publicly, it is likely that educated aliens will continue to enter this country. Strong as it has become, the American government is not yet strong enough to shut its doors to all comers. But, with all the energy left in me, I would like to urge such a policy to be adopted. At least, naturalization should become a culmination, not an initiation.

What type of immigrants then does America need to fear less, since it must make the best of a necessary evil? The great mass of the people resent the intrusion of foreign labor, but unskilled labor is about the only element that may be absorbed. The lower classes of foreigners are the very ones who fit in quickly in this country, when there is work for all, of course. They strive to become like their neighbors, and to out-Yankee the Yankee; and they usually succeed. They buy ready-made clothes and ready-made ideas. They are more impressionable and more easily coated with Americanism. I flatter myself that I came in with mature ideas, fully thought out. It is possible, however, that I am wrong, and that I had merely acquired prejudices of a different type when I went to French schools. At all events, these immigrants are men whose ambitions are moderate. In the second generation they become average Americans. Their sons change their names which meant nothing to them. They are lost in the mass.

The educated foreigner, on the other hand, has a hard battle to fight, both with himself and with his competitors. Educated aliens who wish to settle down here are not welcome unless they are wealthy; or if they are not wealthy, they must have a business or an agency that renders them impervious to attacks from the rear. They must not be sensitive. They must not be critical. The nearer to thoughtlessness they can maintain themselves, the happier and more adaptable they will be. They must not be over-sensitive to the American sin of repressed inferiority complex. That sin, or feeling, is quite unjustified, but it is evident on every occasion. For instance, the question has been asked me hundreds of times: "Why does an educated Frenchman want to come and live here?" The Lord knows. . . . I don't. But I interpret that question as follows: "Why do you want to join the nation which has surrendered its birthright to its own morons?" Is it my busi-

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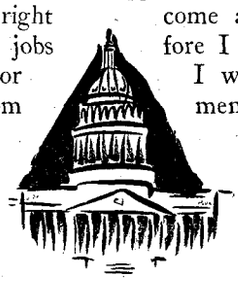
ness to sell America to Americans? I could do it to some. In truth, I like America better than do many Americans I have met. Even the rising tide of Moronia is a result of misguided idealism and misguided salesmanship.

The lies told for a few decades in the villages of Poland, Central Europe, Italy and Sweden spread as far as Syria, Armenia and the Balkans. They are the real cause of this tide which now threatens to engulf the whole western civilization. It has brought all the gullible morons out of Europe. (Am I one of them myself?) The morons are on top. That at least is certain enough. Nothing but decades of pause and rest will make them sink back. The steamship agents traveled up and down the European and near-European countryside, looking for the childish and the credulous, the husky and desperate "suckers." Extraordinary promises were made which unfortunately were in many cases fulfilled in the large plains of the middle West, or in Canada, which proved in many cases a mere stepping stone or storm porch preparatory to a stealthy entrance into the United States.

Successive waves of prosperity brought large savings to the refuse of Europe. They speculated. Some made fortunes. In certain states they now form the majority, and those states have as much right to two senators as New York or Massachusetts or Virginia. Many acquired enough money to treat their families to European trips. What European has not seen them? What cultured American traveler has not suffered on account of the common "nationality"? They formed the bulk of the tourist trade between 1923 and 1929. They were much in evidence. Their jovial spirits, their voices, manners and questions have left an everlasting impression on those who came into contact with them.

If such people can acquire wealth in America, what must an educated man be worth? Somewhat chastened and toned down, they still form the most visible and audible section of the American public and of Mr. Hoover's personal majority. Their sons have acquired the Phi Beta Kappa key and the easy Ph.D. degree of those amazing social centers, the new American colleges. The sons and daughters are educated after a fashion, but seldom cultured and seldom refined. Shall I be jailed for lacking optimism? Since their European trips, a depression has come over the world. We raised the material standards of the morons, but gave them no spiritual and artistic outlet. Depression or no depression, they insist on their standards.

Let me get back to personalities. Cheaper labor is still a temptation to many Americans. Naturalized or not naturalized, cheap labor is sought. Men with good salaries are dismissed, and boys are hired at low salaries. In colleges, many graduate students and even undergraduate students are giving courses and correcting papers that would require experienced men with more academic training. Schoolboys are writing much of our magazine informative literature. They get it out of encyclopedia articles which mention my name—for instance—as an authority. They know little, but they have the right tempo, the right angle. It is natural that when jobs are scarce the men whom we—or is it you?—have known from childhood should be favored. Is it as natural that newly landed aliens should be hired in order to be helped defeat the purpose of the immigration laws?



I find that my naturalization is of no value to me when it comes to competing with either of those categories. When I applied for certain positions, I was courteously told that there was no vacancy that could decently be offered to "a man of my caliber"! H—m! In some cases I received no answer at all. Later I usually heard of the appointment of some newly landed alien to the foreign language teaching job I had sought. My qualifications were equal to his. To be sure his salary was lower than I had been receiving, but the post was his, an alien. My American naturalization is usually gently waved aside as a humorous freak, and my Parisian accent unduly emphasized.

Once at the request of a government official I filed an application for translation work in the Department of Commerce. I was told that the Department had "ruled" against taking any one of foreign birth, even though naturalized. I did not expect the appointment; but I did not expect to be told that any Department of the American free republic recognized classes in American citizenship.

I REVISITED the land of my birth, not for pleasure. To be sure, I was entitled to purchase an American passport. I bought one. But I learned in Paris that the French officials were not interested in it. I had been, and remained a Frenchman. My passport caused a smile. It was fortunate that I had served in the American Army—not to mention the British—otherwise I would have seen the inside of a military prison for not having served in the French army during the war. To them I was a Frenchman, an erratic, erring, prodigal Frenchman, but a Frenchman and a well-connected Frenchman nevertheless.

It was suggested that I, an author of some ten books, and a specialist in international politics for twenty years or more, would be an acquisition to the League of Nations. I did not think that the League could be anything but a white elephant to the United States. I knew it to be a very useful thing to France. Hushing my American "voices," listening to the League partisan, I made an application. The reply came. I had become an American citizen: therefore I was not eligible. Otherwise, I would be most acceptable to members of the Secretariat, French, Germans, Turks or Persians, because I had always been fair to the cause of small nationalities in the days of my opportunities. One of the highest officials told me that my credentials were among the best ever sent in.

Take teaching, in the country of my adoption. I have held some teaching posts. All but one, which illness in my family made me give up, were temporary and very unsatisfactory from the point of view of a man used to academic freedom. The subjects I like to teach and am qualified to teach are not for me. I may not teach history, nor journalism, nor international law. My point of view "could not be that of free-born Americans." I must teach French . . . . and, maybe Italian. Now I like Italy, Italian and the Italians, but who wants to study Italian in the United States? So, my only asset in this country is my French accent.

Very well! Wearied of the strife, I did agree to teach French. I have had to do it perennially. Was everything all right? Not quite. I was brought in conflict with my American-born colleagues. Their French accents, their ideas of French literature and French civilization were not mine, were not correct. They were academic, incomplete, twisted. When there was a choice of courses, the students naturally signed for my courses, or tried to. They wanted as much of a Frenchman as they could get. I alone could give them that. Thereupon my would-be students were told that my courses would cost them more, that my courses only rated minor credits, whereas those given by American-born professors rated majors. I might add that one of my degrees is American, given after much work by a college which meets

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The Bull Moose Fiasco

Fifteenth Installment of Roosevelt: A Biography

By HENRY F. PRINGLE

Long before the 1912 campaign was ended Roosevelt knew he was defeated and that the next incumbent of the White House was to be a man whose policies and ideas were to become utterly abhorrent to him. As told in this installment, he knew that the Progressive party could not survive "without loaves and fishes," and that the bolters must return to the G. O. P. in 1916. Next week the bitter disappointments of Roosevelt's last years will be described by Mr. Pringle

TOWARD the end of 1911 a chasm dividing Taft and Roosevelt, the prospects of La Follette for the presidential nomination were dwindling. He had announced his candidacy on June 17 and began seeking delegations for the Republican convention. La Follette then committed an error which, knowing Roosevelt, he should have avoided. He mistook an attitude of cordiality, combined with Roosevelt's reiterated statement that he would actively endorse no one, for tacit support. No available letter promised such support. La Follette, in so far as his papers show, wrote nothing to Roosevelt expressing appreciation or commenting on any pledge. ". . . . I have endorsed no man for 1912," Roosevelt said on June 7, 1911.

In his memoirs La Follette told of a visit from Gilson Gardner, a correspondent for the Scripps newspapers. Gardner told him in May, La Follette said, that Roosevelt believed he should "get into the fight at once." The ex-President could not openly support La Follette. He would, however, continue to comment favorably on the Wisconsin idea in the *Outlook*. Actually this was little more than Roosevelt had agreed to do five months before. But when, at last, Roosevelt tossed his own hat into the ring, La Follette felt that he had been betrayed. A final estimate of the situation must await examination of Roosevelt's private letters for this period, but the probability is that in 1911 he was considering 1916, not 1912. The swing was toward Roosevelt and away from La Follette. To add to the anxiety of the Wisconsin senator only evasive statements now came from Sagamore Hill. On November 26, 1911, Roosevelt said that he was "not a candidate . . . . [and] . . . . have repeatedly discouraged suggestions of this character. . . ." He discouraged the idea, but he did not forbid it.

". . . . I told them," he wrote to Lodge on December 13, 1911, ". . . . that I certainly should not definitely state that if it did come in the form of a duty I would refuse to perform the duty. . . ."

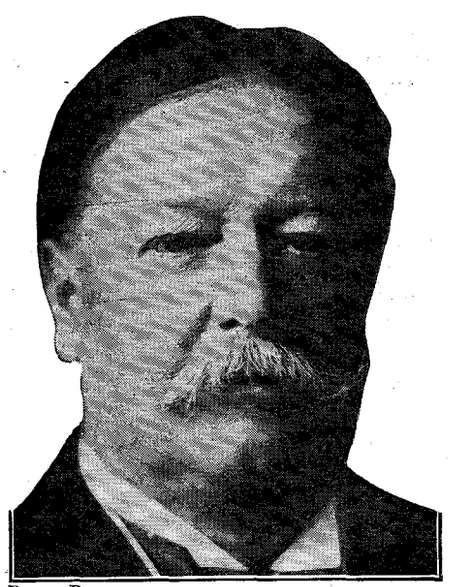
The La Follette boom collapsed because Roosevelt assumed this tantalizing attitude of watchful waiting. La Follette's support disintegrated, contrary to the accepted theory, prior to the tragic night of February 2, 1912, when, his nerves raw from the beatings of disappointment, the Wisconsin senator spoke endlessly at a dinner in Philadelphia, repeating himself over and over, while rude and pitiless diners called "Sit down!" from the rear of the room. His health was precarious. In January he had suffered an attack of ptomaine poisoning. That he was being abandoned is proved by examination of contributions to the pre-convention campaign funds of La Follette and Roosevelt. Prior to January, 1912, Gifford Pinchot and his brother, Amos, had donated $20,000 to La Follette's chest. On January 8, 1912, William Flinn of Pennsylvania gave $2,000. In October, 1911, Medill McCormick of Chicago made a loan of $1,000. By the middle of January these men had switched to Roosevelt; the two Pinchots, McCormick and Flinn gave their endorsements and their cash to the Bull Moose movement. All this, it should be noted, occurred before La Follette's collapse at the Philadelphia dinner in February. As early as January 2, 1912, Gifford Pinchot had assisted in blocking a resolution for La Follette at a meeting of the Ohio Progressive League. It was obvious in early January, 1912, that Roosevelt was a candidate. Mrs. Robinson was in Washington on January 14 and sadly told Archie Butt that her brother would never forgive the aspersion upon him in the steel suit. Taft, walking with his aide later on that same day, admitted that the breach was beyond healing.

". . . . But, Archie," he added, "I am going to defeat him in the convention. He may defeat me for reëlection, but I think I will defeat him in the convention."

Conferences without end were held. Watchful politicians, wondering whether Taft or Roosevelt would win and determined to ride upon the safest bandwagon, issued evasive statements. Roosevelt pondered the best means by which he could announce that he had once again bowed to the popular will. It is important to remember, however, that Roosevelt still felt he was sacrificing himself and believed that he would be beaten. Taft was weak, Roosevelt wrote two days before Christmas in 1911. La Follette had developed no real strength in the West. And yet, should he seek the nomination for himself, it would probably go to Taft. In addition, election of a Republican in November was almost out of the question. As the weeks and the months passed, the Progressive campaign, born of sacrifice, was to become almost a religious crusade in Roosevelt's mind.

First, practical matters had to be arranged. At a meeting in the *Outlook* editorial offices on January 22, 1912, it was recalled that various governors of the Middle West had been offering their support. How should the public demand, to which Roosevelt would accede, be staged? The answer lay in these offers of support. It was suggested, and Roosevelt agreed, that seven or eight governors should sign a letter petitioning him to heed the voices.

On February 9, 1912, a messenger left Chicago bearing a petition signed by



Brown Bros.

WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT
Who carried only two states in the three-cornered election of 1912

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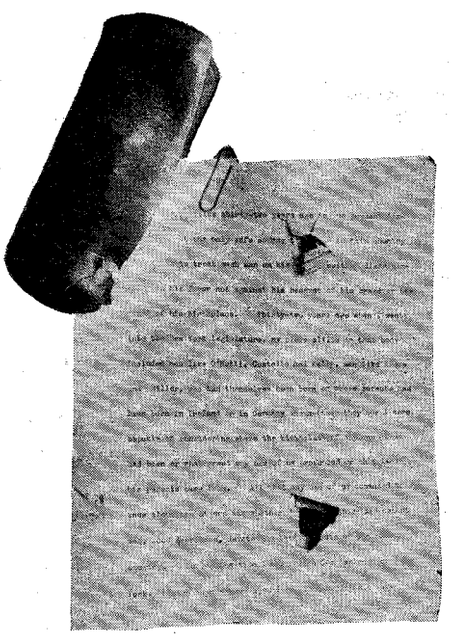
Governors J. M. Carey, Wyoming; William R. Stubbs, Kansas; Charles S. Osborne, Michigan; Herbert S. Hadley, Missouri; Chester H. Aldrich, Nebraska; Robert P. Bass, New Hampshire; and W. E. Glasscock, West Virginia. The petition recited the history of the Progressive movement. It set forth that only Roosevelt could make effective the movement toward the New Nationalism. Three days later Taft lashed out against the men who "are seeking to pull down the pillars of the temple of freedom and representative government . . . ." The efforts to make "the selection of candidates, the enactment of legislation and the decision of courts . . . . depend upon the momentary passions of a people necessarily indifferently informed . . . ." were not the efforts of Progressives. Those who urged these changes were "political emotionalists or neurotics, who have lost that sense of proportion . . . . which made our people . . . . the greatest self-governing people that the world ever knew."

It was, then, to be war. Roosevelt started for Columbus, Ohio, where he was to make the first address. To a reporter at Cleveland, who did not consider the phrase important enough to telegraph until two days later, he said, "My hat is in the ring." If Taft had been less gentle or judicial, Roosevelt might still have been crushed. If he had uttered other phrases such as "neurotics and emotionalists," the country would have listened and history might have been vastly changed by the nomination and election of Roosevelt in 1916. He did not. Hardly a week passed before the President had a conversation with Henry White, who was Roosevelt's close friend. On March 3, 1912, White described this talk with Taft:

. . . . He said that nothing would induce him to say—or to allow any one whom he could control to say—anything against you personally; that he had never ceased to avail himself of every opportunity to express his gratitude for all you have done for him; that you made him President [he said nothing about his brother Charles in that connection]; and that he never can forget the old and happy relations of intimacy. . . . [He] said that he could not help hoping that when all this turmoil of politics had passed, you and he would get together again and be as of old. . . .

If the thought of a third party entered Roosevelt's mind to any extent in early 1912 it was received with disapproval. As a candidate for the Republican party nomination Roosevelt exhibited lamentable lack of the skill which had made him invincible in the past. Perhaps he had lost his master's touch. Perhaps he was already growing too excited. He had been drawn into this struggle without viewing, with his normal clarity, the political road ahead. The Republican party was still the party of conservatism. In a campaign year the right-wing influences were certain to be dominant. But Roosevelt, who once had believed that "it is a sign of the highest statesmanship to temporize," now alienated the influences which controlled the nomination absolutely. They had endorsed him in 1898, believing him a lesser evil. They had done so in 1904. He might again have raised the ghost of ultra-radicalism, have sounded the menace of La Follette and Bryan. He did not. He said what he believed, or very nearly so, and was defeated.



The steel spectacle case and manuscript shown above saved T. R.'s life when a maniac shot him during a campaign visit to Milwaukee

Roosevelt had been hesitant on the recall of the judiciary since his return from Europe. He had flirted with the idea and then had used the pages of the *Outlook* to hedge his views with modifications and to insist that a proposal to limit the judicial power was "the highest and wisest kind of conservatism." Speaking at Columbus in February, 1912, on *A Charter of Democracy*, however, Roosevelt hurled phrases, fine and courageous phrases, whatever their wisdom, which spelled doom to any thought that the respectables would again endorse him. "I believe," he said, "in pure democracy . . . . that human rights are supreme over all other rights . . . . that wealth should be the servant, not the master, of the people." Impeachment, Roosevelt added, did not in any way solve the problem of removing unfit judges. But recall should be a last resort. A more rational step toward true democracy was the recall in the several states of judicial decisions on constitutional questions.

"The Colonel and I have long since agreed to disagree on a number of points," said Cabot Lodge as the barrage of criticism started. Even the insurgents were a little dismayed and Senator Borah of Idaho, supposedly among their number, said that "the recall of judicial decisions is bosh."

"I will accept the nomination for president if it is tendered to me," said Roosevelt in his formal reply to the governors on February 24, 1912, "and I will adhere to this decision until the convention has expressed its preference. . . ."

"I told you so four years ago and you would not believe me," remarked Mrs. Taft when word reached the White House. The President laughed. "I know you did, my dear, and I think you are perfectly happy now. You would have preferred the Colonel to come out against me than to have been wrong yourself."

"You blessed old trump," Roosevelt had written to Taft in August, 1908, "I have always said you would be the greatest President, bar only Washington and Lincoln, and I feel mighty inclined to strike out the exceptions! . . . ."

But by April, 1912, Roosevelt was certain that Taft had been "disloyal to our past friendship . . . . disloyal to every canon of ordinary decency . . . ." When the President said that he had not bowed to political bosses he was guilty of "the grossest and most astounding hypocrisy." At the same time Roosevelt denied assertions by Taft that he was seeking to minimize the recall of the judiciary, as advanced in his Columbus speech, although he was doing exactly that. He modified his endorsement of the recall and emphasized the less radical recall of judicial decisions. Roosevelt denied that he had, within recent weeks, changed front on Canadian reciprocity although he had done that, too.

As the primary campaign progressed, Roosevelt grew shrill and Taft was pitiful. He had to violate the tradition which decreed that a President should not sacrifice his dignity on the stump in a political campaign.

"This wrenches my soul," he said during a tour through New England. "I am here to reply to an old and true friend . . . . who has made many charges. I deny those charges. I deny all of them. I do not want to fight Theodore Roosevelt, but sometimes a man in

Photographs by courtesy of the Roosevelt Memorial Association, 28 East Twentieth Street, New York

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a corner fights. I am going to fight."

It did not matter that Taft had accomplished much toward progressive government. His eight-hour law for government employees, expansion of the civil service, support of the constitutional amendment for income tax and popular election of senators, his institution of a parcel post system; these were forgotten in the indignation over the Payne-Aldrich tariff on which he had surrendered. What Taft accomplished, and it was a great deal, became obscured because he was, with rare exceptions, a gentle person, and the presidency is not a rôle for such. His capacity for saying the wrong thing was almost unprecedented. The obnoxious tariff had been the best in history, he had said. "No, I did not mean that," he added. "I wrote the speech hastily; between stations on a train."

"I am a man of peace," said the President of the United States in May. "I don't want to fight. But when I do fight, I want to hit hard. Even a rat in a corner will fight."

Finally Taft suffered the humiliation of hearing suggestions that he could not, after all, win the election in November and that some compromise candidate, such as Hughes, should be selected. Roosevelt as well as the President rejected this proposal.

"I'll name the compromise candidate," Roosevelt said. "He'll be me. I'll name the compromise platform. It will be our platform."

One by one the friends who had stood with Roosevelt for so long dropped away. Root, whom he had admired most among all the members of his Cabinet, was to be temporary chairman of the convention and thereby to assist in what Roosevelt declared the theft of the nomination. Lodge was already gone. Nicholas Murray Butler, who had broken away even while Roosevelt was in the White House, was bitterly attacking his one-time friend. Philander Knox, now Secretary of State in Taft's cabinet, was insisting that Roosevelt was "prompted by whims" by "imperious, ambitious vanities and mysterious antipathies." And Stimson, the "Harry" Stimson whom Roosevelt had lifted from comparative obscurity to become candidate for governor in New York, had accepted the post of Secretary of War in the Taft administration. Stimson, too, said Taft was the true Progressive, while Roosevelt would damage the cause.

THE earlier pretense that Roosevelt would abide by the decision of the convention, should his candidacy be rejected, was soon abandoned. Unquestionably Roosevelt was the choice of a majority of the rank and file of the Republican party. His strength in the primaries proved this. But Taft was certain to be the nominee. Theoretically, then, justification existed for the subsequent declaration that the nomination had been stolen. Actually it had been accomplished by traditional means. The convention rules of 1904 and 1908 applied in 1912, and Roosevelt had been willing to work under them before. The shift in viewpoint came when his own destiny was affected. As a matter of literal fact, Roosevelt had in 1908 vetoed one change which would have assured his nomination. The ancient suggestion that representation from the Southern States was disproportionate was made again. This time it appears to have been done in a sincere attempt to remedy a situation which bred only corruption. Roosevelt, who controlled the convention from the White House, rejected the proposal. It would probably have been rejected without his aid, but had it gone through, Taft's strength in 1912 would have been greatly reduced. The President, through the national committee, had absolute power over these office-holding delegates.

It may be set forth, as a matter of political realism, that the national committee would have seated enough Taft men, whatever the facts, to insure Taft's nomination. It took place on June 22, 1912. The vote on the first ballot was Taft, 561; Roosevelt, 107; Cummins of Iowa, 17; La Follette, 41; and Hughes, 2. The significant thing was that 344 of the delegates had cast no ballots at all.

It was Roosevelt's intention to bolt the party when he arrived in Chicago. The vote for temporary chairman, which had resulted in the election of Root by 558 to 502, demonstrated the impossibility of Roosevelt's nomination. Why did he continue to remain in Chicago?

"I intend to see," he said, "that Mr. Taft is nominated."

The inference was that no compromise on some other liberal, such as Governor Hadley of Missouri, would be tolerated by Roosevelt. In the press stand William Jennings Bryan, again a correspondent, heard with amusement and some elation the cries of "Teddy, We Want Teddy," which came from the balconies and which foretold a possible Democratic victory.

On Saturday night, June 22, the Roosevelt followers, including the 344 delegates who had refrained from voting at the convention, pledged their support to him at a meeting at Orchestra Hall.

"If you wish me to make the fight I will make it," Roosevelt said, "even if only one state should support me."

At first it was not certain that the third party would be started. A few of the Roosevelt followers were discouraged. Others, such as Borah of Idaho,

(Continued on Page 542*)*

PROGRESSIVE But Not Radical

New-York Tribune

New York's Only Republican Paper

Vol. LXXII, No. 24,097. NEW-YORK, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1912.—TWELVE PAGES. PRICE ONE CENT

WILSON CHOSEN PRESIDENT

ROOSEVELT LEADS TAFT

WILSON—SULZER SWEEP NEW YORK

Tammany Will Have Complete Control of Government and Legislature—Third Party Remains Third

THE END OF THE PROGRESSIVE PARTY

Wilson won 435 electoral votes, Roosevelt only 88. Taft was an also-ran, carrying Vermont and Utah, which netted him eight votes

LANDSLIDE PUTS DEMOCRATS ATOP

Control of Both Houses of Congress, New York, Massachusetts and Several Republican States Features of Wilson's Victory.

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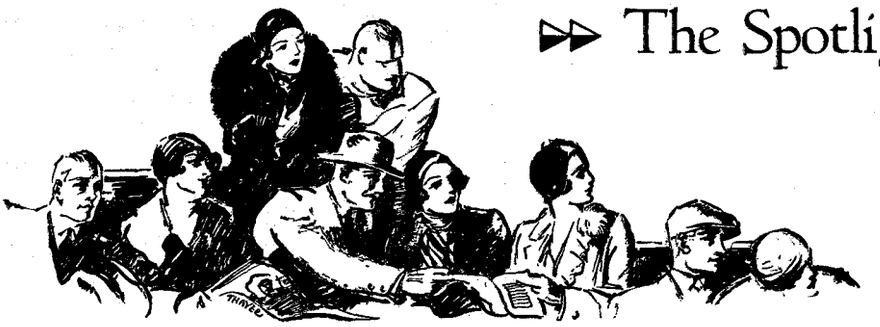
The Spotlight on Sports



The Navy "Funeral"

A GRAY-BLUE SQUARE massed before the Navy cheering section in dusk-blurred Yankee stadium; twelve hundred capless cadets, heads bowed in mock grief; twelve hundred handkerchiefs dabbing at eyes that twinkle merrily; the poignant notes of "Taps" sounded by a Cadet bugler; the muffled roll of drums beating a dolorous funeral tattoo—thus did West Point "celebrate Navy's sham burial" last Saturday.

There were no jesting obsequies when Army beat Navy last year. After that charity game—a meeting that had been forced upon the unwilling participants by political pressure—the Cadets folded their tents and marched out of the stadium as quietly as Arabs. They left the goal posts severely alone; they ignored the Midshipmen; they tramped through the gate in silence.

What a different picture this year! Hardly had the final whistle shrilled than the Cadets erupted from the east stand, ripped the goal posts to bits for souvenirs, and serenaded the glum Navy delegation with jeers that were really cheers. It took you back to 1927 to hear the mournful strains of "Good Night, Navy!" echo from the iron girders of the House that Ruth built. Paradoxical though it sounds, the Corps of Cadets and the Regiment of Midshipmen never love one another so dearly as when they spout taunts and sarcastic slurs at one another. Silence, in their case, means venom.

Well, the good old days of lusty rivalry seem to have returned. To the question—"Whom do you rank?" West Point Plebes are again being schooled to answer: "Sir, the Superintendent's dog, the Commandant's cat; the waiters in the mess hall; the cooks in the kitchen; and every Admiral in the whole damn Navy!"

"Officer Material"

THE Army-Navy game itself ran true to form and to type. Army power and finesse prevailed as the experts had predicted. After their unfortunate guesses in re Harvard-Yale and Army-Notre Dame they were thankful for any small favors. In this particular case the critics could hardly have picked the wrong horse so pronounced was West Point's edge in weight, individual ability, team cohesion and football reasoning.

In fairness to Army it must be said that John Price's eleven included no college transfer who had made any particular name for himself on the football field. The era of the Garbisches, Cagles, Hewitts, Spragues and Harry Wilsons seems to have ended at West Point—in fact if not in theory.

Ralph Sasse, who coaches West Point in line of duty with no extra compensation to pad out a major's rather skimpy pay, has declared that he doesn't favor "transfers." Army does not openly recognize the three-year rule in football but during the last two years it has been functioning as though such a restriction were in force.

Ray Stecker, Army's ace-in-the-hole, came directly to West Point from a small Pennsylvania high school. Many critics regard him as a more valuable all-around man than Chris Cagle although the latter got ten times as much publicity—perhaps because he had red hair.

Inasmuch as West Point appears to have decided that it can get along nicely without the "good officer material" represented by ex-varsity headliners, why doesn't Annapolis forget all about its three-year rule ultimatum and make overtures to Army on the old catch-as-catch-can terms?

There was always a good deal of bunk about the claim that crack athletes make the best officers. Virtually no football stars have achieved the rank of general. Some of the most reckless leaders of troops on the Western Front were "bookworm types" who never got nearer the gridiron than a seat in the cheering section. Courage has many facets. The man who shrinks from body contact may dive with "full gun" into a squadron of enemy pursuit planes.

Service Discipline

WESTCHESTER COUNTY was not too small to shelter both Service Academy teams on the night before the battle. Army bivouacked at Briarcliff Lodge, a snug hostelry in the Bedford Hills. Navy moored at the towering Westchester Country Club (once the Biltmore).

What do you suppose formed the major part of the training régimé at those resorts from Thursday evening until they entrained for the Yankee Stadium late Saturday morning? Sleep! The players of both squads spent Friday loafing about their golf club living rooms, got to bed before 9 o'clock and didn't rise until 8 o'clock the next morning.

Unless you understand the rigorous ritual at West Point or Annapolis you can't appreciate what sleep means to these Service School athletes. Irving Berlin's wartime ditty—"You gotta get up in the morning" has a poignant implication for Army and Navy football players. A heartless bugler rouses them at 5:30 each morning with his reveille call. It is a sound as inexorable as the crack of doom. No wonder they visualize Utopia as a place where one can "spend the rest of his life in bed."

Reserve energy wins tight-fought football games. Only those intimately associated with Army and Navy teams know how many games Service elevens have lost through sheer fatigue. Subjected to a rigid daily program of military drills, inspections and an exacting curriculum stressing mathematics and sciences, cadets and midshipmen are nervously exhausted before they take the field. They need rest more than anything else, hence the value of such interludes of relaxation as those at Briarcliff and Rye when depleted nervous energy can be restored.

Inexorable discipline chafes the human spirit. One can endure just so much of it. Perhaps that's why there was no grousing, fretting or impatience among the Cadets who were marooned twelve hours in the railroad yards outside Chicago two years ago when a blizzard stalled the train which was taking them to San Francisco for a post-season game. "A college football team," said Major Sasse, "would have gotten the heebe-jeebies sitting cramped up in those Pullman cars, but our boys found it a welcome relief from the monastic harshness of their existence at the Military Academy."

GEORGE TREVOR.

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Democracy Back in Power

(Continued from Page 524)

"I'd like to introduce myself to the leader of the New York Democracy," he explained.

He was greeted with cordiality by Mr. Curry and the other Democrats present. The conversation was wholly non-political; Mr. Curry told of some relatives in the South and Mr. Crump appeared to know all about them. "So glad to have met you," said Mr. Crump as he left. "And I to have met you," said Mr. Curry. But this was deliberately staged for public effect. It developed that Crump and Curry had already been working with Garner for an alliance which would insure control in the House of Representatives. Such is politics, the most devious and amusing of trades.

As THIS is written, Congress has been in session for a week. The Senate has devoted nearly all of its time to an effort to unseat Senator George Moses of New Hampshire as president *pro tempore*, a rather empty honor. The quarrel has little significance except to reveal how theoretical are the forty-eight votes which the G. O. P. is supposed to have. The drive against Moses, who aroused the insurgents to wrath and reprisal by calling them "sons of wild jackasses," indicates an organization strength of forty or fewer. In the House, too, little has been accomplished. La Guardia of New York begged his colleagues to "get to work" and stop the wrangling which began immediately. Oliver of New York said that Mr. Hoover has "driven the country to suicide and soup." A barrage of criticism followed the Hoover-Mellon tax plan. Representative Sweeney of Ohio, a new member, scandalized his associates by expressing a low opinion of the body to which he had been elevated.

"I'm afraid I'm mixed up in a Congress which is going to be hypocritical," he said.

The truth is that Congressmen of both parties are gazing down the length of Pennsylvania Avenue and are wondering how they can assist or injure the man in the White House. It is not to be wondered that the President flatly declined to call a special session for last summer. It looks as though one thought, in slightly varied forms, were in the mind of every member. How can we get him in a worse jam? is the Democratic version. How can we appear to support him and yet escape the burden of his unpopularity? is the Republican version.

Such is the main issue of the Seventy-second Congress.

▸▸ The Week in Business ◂◂

▸▸*Sluggish*

ASIDE from the purely seasonal acceleration of retail trade, business continued its end-of-the-year coasting process. Commodity prices and steel production reached lower levels, the car loadings declined to well under the 600,000 mark. The disorganized condition of the securities markets was reflected in the sale of a seat on the New York Stock Exchange at $129,000, the lowest figure recorded since 1925.

The week's one favorable development appeared in Chicago, where the executives of the railway labor unions agreed to confer with a committee of the railway operators on a 10 per cent wage cut program. This was encouraging news for holders of railroad securities, whose morale was not at all improved by the decision of the New York Central to pass its dividend.

In the international money markets, the French franc and the German mark gained and the Japanese yen lost ground. At one stage of the week's operations the franc reached 3.93 3/4. As this was above the gold export point, the immediate result was a substantial flow of gold to France. The decline of the yen was due chiefly to the change of government in Japan and the embargo on gold which became effective on December 14.

▸▸◂◂

INDICES

(A two-minute summary)

COMMODITY PRICES (Fisher's Index—1926=100) December 10—67.1. (Crump's British Index—1926 =100) December 10—66.7.

CAR LOADINGS (American Railway Assn.) Holiday week ended November 28—558,807 cars (reduction of 94,696 under preceding week and of 142,243 under same week of 1930).

STEEL INGOT PRODUCTION Week ended December 5 —27% of capacity (reduction of 1% under preceding week and of 10% under same week of 1930).

CRUDE OIL PRODUCTION Week ended December 5 —daily average gross 2,449,850 barrels (increase of 29,750 over preceding week and of 220,600 over same week of 1930).

BANK CLEARINGS: (as reported to Bradstreet's) Week ended December 10—$5,377,611,000 (reduction of $1,271,522,000 under preceding week and of $2,685,121,000 under same week of 1930).

FAILURES (as reported to R. G. Dun & Co.) Week ended December 10—575 (increase of 25 over preceding week and of 13 over same week of 1930).

As these paragraphs are written it is too early to appraise the exact effect on business of the Mellon tax program. One thing, however, is obvious—general distaste for a return of the nuisance taxes. Amusement enterprises will naturally resist the proposed tax on the cheaper theatre tickets. And no banker we have encountered wants a tax on checks. Increased taxation is, of course, inevitable, but what a Donnybrook fair we shall see before it is finally handed to us!

▸▸*Another Bonus Fight*

STOCKHOLDERS of Bethlehem Steel and the Youngstown Sheet and Tube Company have, we imagine, been showing an unwonted interest in the New Jersey newspapers during the past few months. Their own fight was over, but they could scarcely have resisted the temptation to watch another—that of a group of share-holders of the P. Lorillard Company, led by Scott and Stringfellow, attorneys of Richmond, Va.

The Lorillard plan was to give generous helpings from the gravy tureen to officers and employees of the company, for whose benefit the price of one block of 100,000 shares of stock was to be reduced from $30 to $10 a share, and that of another of 150,000 from $20 to $10 a share.

The annual meeting at which the plan was to have been presented to the stockholders was a strange affair. It began on March 10 and was adjourned no less than 15 times. The New Jersey Court of Errors and Appeals granted the Richmond attorneys and their followers first a temporary and then, on December 10, a permanent injunction against the presentation to the stockholders.

While this case has lacked the sensational features of the Bethlehem-Youngstown affair, it has had many interesting angles, and produced one of the longest meetings recorded in the history of business corporations in the United States.

FRANK A. FALL.

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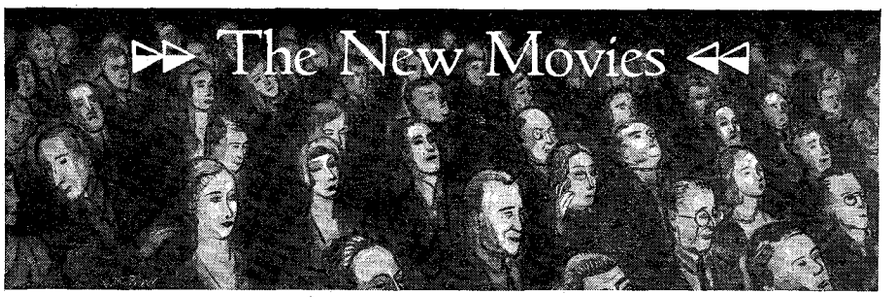

"*Sooky*"

If you saw *Skippy*—and if you didn't you missed one of the swellest pictures of the year—you probably realized that a sequel was inevitable. *Sooky* has all the characters in *Skippy* except Mitzi Green. Again Jackie Cooper brings Percy Crosby's grand little boy to life, while Jackie Searl plays the priggish Sidney and Bobby Coogan is *Sooky* himself. Many of the incidents in the first film are repeated in *Sooky* with very little change, but this should only delight young audiences who like to have their characters go on and on and on. In this episode Sidney is the leader of a cadet corps known as the "Boone Boys," membership costing $35. Skippy has been asked to join, but won't unless they will also take in Sooky who has no money and lives across the tracks in "Shanty town." In competition Skippy organizes the "Beagle Boys" with himself as general and Sooky as the army. In spite of its resemblance to the earlier film, *Sooky* must not be missed.

"*Private Lives*"

This matter of stage comedies on the screen is pretty confusing. *Private Lives* is light and amusing and staged in Metro's usual handsome manner, and I suppose we should be thankful that Mr. Noel Coward's lively chatter will replace for even one evening the dull banalities of the average talkie script. I also suppose it is extremely ill-mannered of me to suggest first, that *Private Lives* was a good deal more adroit on the stage, and second, that while Miss Norma Shearer makes quite a lush picture in her underwear, she is not an especially good actress. The fact is that Mr. Coward's play is so fragile, even so slight, that it requires unusually careful handling. *Private Lives* concerns a divorced couple (Miss Shearer and Robert Montgomery) who have married new partners. As the picture opens *both* new couples arrive at the same hotel for their honeymoons. In a flash they desert their new loves and elope, only to resume their fighting where it left off when they were divorced. The spectator's interest lives from one battle to the next, the quarrels being sandwiched in between scenes of the most complete and blissful agreement. The final scene, a breakfast with all four of the characters, is really as funny a bit as you could ask for. It did not seem to me that Reginald Denny or Una Merkle were particularly well cast—but then casting is practically an unknown art in Hollywood.

Worth Seeing

Around the World with Douglas Fairbanks: Unusual travel pictures made by and of the beaming Doug.

Arrowsmith: An honest and intelligent film of Sinclair Lewis' novel. Condensed, but without serious loss.

The Champ: Wallace Beery and the incredible little Jackie Cooper as a worthless old fighter and his son.

Five Star Final: The pink and peach colored newspapers get theirs in a sizzling blast. Edward G. Robinson is grand.

The Guardsman: The Lunts in charming and frothy nonsense. A faithful copy of the Guild play.

Monkey Business: Those infamous Marx brothers pulling an ocean liner to bits. The year's best farce.

"*The Struggle*"

There is something not a little tragic about D. W. Griffith's latest film, for it is unquestionably the dullest and most naïve strip of celluloid to be exhibited in public in years—a great many years. Once at the very top of his craft, Mr. Griffith now presents us with a picture which is so pitifully bad as to defy ridicule. Perhaps Mr. Griffith thinks it is good. I hope not. As a matter of record it may be noted that *The Struggle* is supposed to be a debate on Prohibition and a stern lecture on the evils of alcohol. It is much like *Ten Nights in a Bar Room*, but not half so believable or convincing as that antique. It even has the besotted father chasing his tiny tot around the kitchen table with a whip while thunder and lightning rage outside.

Creighton Peet.

Chief of the Scripps News Falcons

(Continued from Page 526)

Never, says Roy Howard, has he been able to enact satisfactorily the rôle of the high-powered executive. He calls himself a light-weight high-speed motor.

"Why, just look at me, wouldn't I be ridiculous acting the pompous executive?"

I looked again, and he seems rather like a hoofer gone grey around the temples, with a round untroubled face that exudes superficial good will, but also complacence. At the same time it must be said that he maintains his poise against innumerable stresses and strains. Fractions of minutes and minutes were constantly being whittled away from our hour's interview by telephone calls, buzzes, secretaries bearing messages which had to be replied to immediately or acknowledged in some manner. The managing editor of The *Telegram* had to be called that Howard might convey the report of an engagement he had heard the night before. A minor Roosevelt claimed a minute on the telephone. He has, he says, about seventy-five telephone calls a day, and no less than thirty-five visitors. For that reason his favorite time for work is at night when visitors cannot intrude and most of his telephones are silent.

Our interview took place in the morning. During our talk one of his secretaries brought him the first edition of The *Telegram* of that day. He turned to the editorial page and scanned it rapidly, and then replied to one of my queries. About five minutes later I said that I had observed that he had looked *only* at the editorial page.

"You think that people read and are influenced by newspaper editorials?" I asked.

"The most thoroughly read page in The *Telegram* is the editorial page," he said.

I conveyed to him my impression that the editorial page in American journalism had died a long time ago.

"The editorial page was dead because it itself was dead—not because newspaper readers ever have been dead to editorial influence."

Aren't people today, I suggested, somewhat less responsive to corruption in high office than they used to be, and isn't the fighting newspaper out of fashion?

"I don't think they're less responsive; I think the public is as responsive as ever. Newspapers have gone ga-ga on entertainment; they've over-specialized on

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features. They're vaudeville shows in print. (The Telegram is almost like a class paper in its subordination of comic strips.) Aggression has been subordinated. But where a paper is aggressive the public is just as responsive as it used to be."

Roy Howard's objective is to build a type newspaper that is "thorough, efficient and aggressive in liberalism, that never loses its fighting qualities in the causes which involved the greatest number, and with a technique based on tolerance. The liberal newspaper is effective to the degree that it can arrest attention and hold the attention of non-liberals."

OFTEN, he pointed out, papers that have an important objective stress it so hard that they decline to the position of talking only to their own converts.

"I'd rather get 100 words to 1,000 non-liberals than 1,000 words to 100 converts."

In 1923, when E. W. Scripps asked Howard to leave the United Press and take charge of the newspapers, Howard offered to do so on the condition that the papers be made to alter their editorial tone, which might have been described, roughly, as secular and scolding.

"A newspaper should be informative, militant," he says. "Our whole theory is that a paper should take on the attributes of a human being. It must have personality, an agreeable personality, courage and tolerance, must avoid nagging and be able to hit hard in good causes. It must have consideration for the people it deals with. It must be disinterested. None of us has financial tie-ups. We have no stocks or bonds (an inheritance from the founder who put his money back in the enterprises in which it had been earned); we are mugwump in politics and have no social ambitions. I can't tell you now whether our papers will support the Democratic or Republican candidate for the presidency; all I can tell you is that we will back a liberal—if there is one to back."

Mr. Howard believes that the formula which makes a newspaper successful in one town is good in any other—in other words, that in not one of the twenty-five cities in which there is a Scripps-Howard paper is the profession of liberal policies a bar to success. Every newspaper in the chain enjoys complete autonomy in its business and editorial offices and in policies on state and local issues. No general staff in New York tells the papers in the provinces how to conduct their affairs. They have, of course, an

(Continued on Page 540)

AS LONG as Noel Coward insists on writing historical pageants for the Drury Lane Theatre and going to South America we should be grateful for having Benn W. Levy as the very next best thing. Does Mr. Coward wax sentimental, so does Mr. Levy soon afterwards; does Mr. Coward do a musical show, Mr. Levy counters with *Evergreen*, which, however, faded before reaching these shores. If Noel Coward does a farce for four characters and a maid-servant, Benn W. Levy sits down with nothing on his mind except a desire to go Mr. Coward one better and writes *Springtime for Henry*, which has no maid. Four very amusing characters they are, too, especially as three of them are brought to life by Leslie Banks, Nigel Bruce and Helen Chandler. However, before I stop carping and resign myself utterly to the memory of how good those three actors were, I've got to tell you that there are stretches in *Springtime for Henry*, particularly in the second act, when even a comic butler or a tippling parson would have helped. Nevertheless, in between those dull parts is some of the best fooling with an utterly inconsequential (even for farce) idea that has been seen around here for a long while. Banks and Bruce are a perfect farce team, with their sharply contrasted but equally skilful methods of making points, and Miss Chandler's sweetly earnest way of reading the most ridiculous lines is exceedingly effective. I won't tell you the plot, as it would look too silly in these austere pages, but if you want to relax and stop trying to think for a while *Springtime for Henry* is my prescription.

Before getting around reluctantly to the serious drama, I have to report that William A. Brady has produced an utterly charming revival of *Little Women* which is being presented at the Playhouse on Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday afternoons during the holidays. The kids in the audience are audibly delighted and a lot of us old sentimentalists dab our eyes when Jo's hair is shorn. At the close of the performance I caught Mr. Brady applauding vociferously himself, but it was quite unnecessary. There were plenty of people who appreciated the fine cast he has assembled and liked the touching old play.

The Group Theatre want to do only plays which are "the image or symbol of the living problems of our time." It must be said that in 1931— by Paul and Claire Sifton, they are sticking to their purpose. The play deals with a young man who blithely quits working in a warehouse because he doesn't like the foreman and who, in this year of grace, is unable to find another job. He can't bring himself to marry the girl he loves without prospects (although he is not above "getting her into trouble"), and he is shown starving, frozen and manhandled by the police. The whole thing builds up to a terrifying climax and, to my mind, is worth while from every point of view. The acting seems to me a good deal better than in the Group's earlier *The House of Connelly*, possibly because the players know more about the kind of people they are this time portraying. Franchot Tone is extraordinarily good as the boy and Phoebe Brand is just right as the girl. The ensembles are excellent. In fact, no one who is not afraid to be harrowed should miss 1931—.

OTIS CHATFIELD-TAYLOR.

Recommended Shows

AFTER ALL: In spite of a polyglot cast this English comedy is interesting.
BRIEF MOMENT: Alec Woolcott and Francine Larrimore in American high comedy.
COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW: The rise of an East Side Jewish boy to notoriety if not eminence in the legal profession dramatically told.
CYNARA: Home truths for wives skilfully acted by Philip Merivale and others.
GEORGE WHITE'S SCANDALS: Rough and ready songs and sketches well executed.
LOUDER, PLEASE!: Hollywood press-agentry made the subject of a better than usual farce.
MOURNING BECOMES ELECTRA: Eugene O'Neill's lengthy melodrama acted for all it is worth.
REUNION IN VIENNA: The Lunts at their playful best in Robert E. Sherwood's light comedy.
THE BAND WAGON: Last weeks of the most tasteful revue in years.
THE BARRETTS OF WIMPOLE STREET: Now our senior drama on Broadway, and why not?
THE CAT AND THE FIDDLE: Jerome Kern's reminiscent but lovely score.
THE GOOD FAIRY: Helen Hayes and Walter Connelly making the most of a good Molnar show.
THE LAUGH PARADE: Much the funniest show in town because of Ed Wynn. Tunes, too!
THE LEFT BANK: The pros and cons of expatriatism intelligently discussed.

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The New Books

The Week's Reading

Wellington
By Philip Guedalla
Harper's, $4.00

Our knowledge of the Duke of Wellington seems to be limited to the fact that he was something disastrous that happened to Napoleon. He appears to have been much more than that; in fact, a man in his own right, living and acting in times that were made exciting by many phenomena, of which Napoleon was only one. But he had a saving reputation for dullness which served as a No Trespass sign on biographers reconnoitering historical ground for likely subjects. Unlike Napoleon, who contrived to live in the full glare of history almost all the time, Wellington, English gentleman that he was, became quite peeved once when he learned that an old army associate was taking down what he was saying. The reputation for dullness has saved him, more or less, for a biographer worthy of his steel. To move from Palmerston to Wellington is, after all, an ascent. Almost any one can attend to such obvious subject matter as Napoleon and almost every one has. But it calls for a man of genius to unwind the thick wrappings of legend, when those wrappings have served as camouflage, and reveal a man, or a woman beneath. Consider, in passing, what Mr. Strachey did with, and to, the good dull queen, Victoria. This is not to say that Mr. Guedalla chooses dull reputations that the flash of his own wit may shine the more brightly against the texture of that subject. But every writer is justified in expressing his delight in having met, superbly, the challenge of a dull reputation. Mr. Guedalla has earned every wisecrack he has made in *Wellington*.

His book is both solid and brilliant; it is a "Life" in the sense that it is a full-length portrait, in all the changes and mutations of his character and career and against a carefully etched background of the times in which he lived and the issues and controversies which engaged him. The brilliance of Mr. Guedalla's performance is not achieved at a sacrifice of detail. *Wellington* is almost 500 pages in length, and they are solid pages. This is a biography, not a vaudeville performance or a *jeu d'esprit*. There is, for example, a very painstaking analysis of Wellington's tactics on the field of battle which made him the great soldier he was; there certainly is nothing "entertaining" about that part of the book. After reading that part, however, you will understand why Wellington was the greatest soldier of his time, but you regret—as so many of his contemporaries must have—the lack of Nelsonic heroics or of Napoleonic dash in his greatness. But Wellington's idea of a general's job was to win battles at the least possible cost in men, not to be afraid to retreat and let the enemy charge against the invincible English square. There was in Wellington, in spite of all that Mr. Guedalla could do about it, a distressing consistency and a practically unbroken progression in his career from minor success to major success, from knight to baron to earl to marquess and, finally, to duke, and a duke he was almost as many times as there were Allies against Napoleon. He was Prime Minister and Commander in Chief of the British Army and a field marshal in almost half a dozen other armies. He might have become King of Spain. Americans certainly think of his career as having begun at Waterloo, but by the time he had won that battle the English people had given him so many titles and so many honors that all they could do was vote him another grant of several hundred thousand pounds sterling. As a civilian, that is as Member of the Cabinet and Prime Minister, his conduct was consistent with the attitude of a soldier rather than with that of a politician or statesman. He opposed Reform in all consistency; the English people might have liked him for a longer period than they did had he chosen to lead the mobs rather than to oppose them.

Mr. Guedalla takes great and rewarding pains with the formative years and influences of the Duke, who started life as plain Arthur Wesley, the second son of an Irish earl who loved music. We learn with amazement that Arthur Wesley loved music too and played the violin, but broke his fiddle when he learned that it might interfere with his career. It remained for Mr. Guedalla to make known to us the ironic note in history of Sir Arthur Wellesley stopping off at St. Helena ten years before Napoleon was to have that place imposed upon him as a residence, and to track down the very book in which the young subaltern may first have discovered the secret of the British square.

The book ends on a lovely idyllic note; the Duke, over eighty, in his great country house, playing with his grandchildren and being Dooked by the thoroughly unimpressed children of his neighbors. Mr. Guedalla has given us more than a life of the Iron Duke and a picture of his times; he has given us a study of the English character in one of its typical representations.

HARRY SALPETER.

Only Yesterday
By Frederick Lewis Allen
Harper & Brothers, $3.00
It Seems Like Yesterday
By Russel Crouse
Doubleday, Doran, $5.00

It was only yesterday, as Mr. Allen says, but the effect of reading his history of the post-war decade is a strange remoteness; about many of the manifestations of those years the true sense is entirely lacking. When did we play Mah Jong? When were we saying with Coué: "Every day in every way I am getting better and better." When did we weep, and the world weep with us, for the death of Valentino? And how did we get that way? The truth is, it was not a new economic era; it was a big spree. The war raised us to a tremendous emotional pitch; all too soon for us it was over, leaving us regimented for exploitation and hot for action. We got both, good and plenty. Mr. Allen has written a grand story of those cockeyed times,

What to Read

FICTION

Maid in Waiting, by John Galsworthy: Scribners. A quiet drama of English life. Readers of Mr. Galsworthy's Forsyte chronicles will find a few old friends.

The Almond Tree, by Grace Zaring Stone: Bobbs, Merrill. The story of three sisters.

Westward Passage, by Margaret Ayer Barnes: Houghton Mifflin. On a transatlantic steamer a happily married woman falls in love again with her divorced husband.

Malaisie, by Henri Fauconnier: Macmillan. Life in the Malay jungles.

Two Against Scotland Yard, by David Frome: Farrar & Rinehart. A readable murder mystery.

NON-FICTION

The Care and Feeding of Adults, by Logan Clendening: Knopf. A book against cranks and in behalf of those who fall for the crank's schemes.

Theodore Roosevelt, A Biography, by Henry F. Pringle: Harcourt, Brace. The first full and impartial biography of T. R.

The Work, Wealth and Happiness of Mankind, by H. G. Wells: Doubleday, Doran. The third part of Mr. Wells's massive trilogy.

Bernard Shaw, by Frank Harris. Simon & Schuster: An unconventional "unauthorized" biography.

Free Wheeling, by Ogden Nash; Simon & Schuster. Amusing light verse.

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shrewd, sound and complete, from Harding's "normalcy" to Hoover's "conditions are fundamentally sound." You will read it, I predict, with some of the old excitement. Some of it will make you grin. Do you remember the King Kleagles and the Imperial Kludds? Some of it will make you wince. The Harding scandals are pieced together and ably presented. And some of it will make you gag. For example, the Gospel According to Bruce Barton and Rotary, introducing Christ as the first go-getter and Moses as the leading realtor of his day. A charming, mad and often ugly decade. If you are opposed to war, keep Mr. Allen's book for ready reference; for if war is hell, what are such fruits of peace as Teapot Dome, the Ohio gang, the Sacco-Vanzetti case, bath tub gin, and red hot mammas?

What next? Mr. Allen looks back for a wistful moment to the Victorian scenes depicted in Russel Crouse's gift book for the Christmas trade. But between those days and these stand the war and the peace with all their implications. And after all, the twenties were not entirely wasted. We have, though Mr. Allen is not so satisfactory a historian here, the basis of a healthier attitude toward sex. The fallacy of prohibition has been demonstrated for reasonable minds. The myth of the superman has been exploded. And we are just as rich as we ever were —actually.

PARKHURST WHITNEY.

The Unknown War
By Winston S. Churchill
Scribners, $5.00

As Mr. Churchill suggests in his preface, the attention of the English-speaking world throughout 1914-18 was fastened almost exclusively upon the western front. The conflict between Russia and the Central Empires forms, for most of us, a war literally unknown. This is the first satisfactory story of the East, with its great victories of Tannenberg, the Masurian Lakes, Lodz and Warsaw.

Mr. Churchill, as a member of the British war cabinet, early became a passionate "Easterner," one of those who held that the war would be won or lost in Poland, Serbia and at Gallipoli. In *The Unknown War* he has a chance to defend and explain this belief, and he does this convincingly. The failure of the Allies, once the trench warfare of the western front became a bloody, ruinous stalemate, to take decisive action in the East he ascribes wholly to "the mighty authority of General Joffre," before whom, he testifies, Lord Kitchener habitually yielded. He relates with wrath and sympathy the wiping out of the isolated Serbian army by von Mackensen, and records his own resignation soon afterwards from the Asquith government

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NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS
34 West 28th Street
New York

Dec. 1, 1931.

To the Editor of
The Outlook
Dear Sir:

For many years your readers have been reminded at Christmas time of the big family of little children who face a fatherless Christmas in prison-shadowed homes. May I again voice a plea on their behalf, which I hope will call forth a loving response from happier homes.

For over thirty years I have made the wives and children of the prisoners my special care, and at the Christmas season we pack for them boxes of clothing and toys that bring an unexpected touch of comfort and joy to those homes that otherwise would be Christmasless.

So much has been said of gangsters and racketeers and their terrible deeds that I want to ask our friends to remember that there are thousands of men in prison of a very different type, who are patiently learning their lesson and whose families are thoroughly worthy and desperately in need of our help.

Shoes, clothing, toys and gifts of money will be most welcome. Please send all donations to Mrs. Ballington Booth, The Volunteers of America, 34 West 28th Street, New York City.

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with the sentence: "I found it unendurable to remain participant in such crimes against truth and reason."

From a technical military standpoint Mr. Churchill's most surprising discovery is that Tannenberg was due to an obscure German commander, General von Francois, and not to Hindenburg and Ludendorf, to whom it has generally been credited. By careful citation from the German dispatches, Mr. Churchill shows that von Ludendorf had almost nothing to do with the victory and that through most of the battle he was in complete ignorance of what was going on. The sole Russian general for whose military achievements he has praise is Brusilov, who in 1916 tore a hole two hundred miles wide in the German Austrian lines, Russia's final military effort before its total collapse.

The Unknown War forms a sort of epilogue to Mr. Churchill's brilliant and monumental *The World Crisis*. He has written incomparably the best of World War histories—providing, that is, you can accept his premise that the war was exclusively a matter of dynasties, cabinets and opposing G. H. Q.'s. In the twenty million boys and young men who marched and fought and were wounded and died he has slight interest. That hardly any of them knew why they were at war, that a good-sized minority of them hated it and that there were serious mutinies in the French, Austrian and Russian armies is something he does not want to understand and hardly mentions.

JONATHAN MITCHELL.

Jadwiga
By Charlotte Kellogg
Macmillan, $2.50

In all history there is perhaps one figure similar to Jadwiga, queen of Poland (reigned 1384-1400) and that is Jeanne d'Arc. Coming to the Polish throne as the daughter of Louis of Hungary, who was also king of Poland, Jadwiga was almost immediately betrothed to Jagiello, grand duke of Lithuania, whose possessions east of Poland extended from the Baltic to the Black Sea. At the time of the marriage she was only 15 or 16 years of age. But during her reign the loosely held provinces of the Polish people were united, a frontier against Tartars and Turks was established in Ruthenia, the Mazovian and Pomeranian districts were fortified against the Teutonic Knights (later the "Prussians"), and the Lithuanian territory was saved from extermination at the hands of the Teutons, although the decisive battle did not come until after her death.

Most of the more western peoples have but little idea of the Polish realm; how, after the Great War, only a small portion was restored on the northern and eastern frontiers. While entering in no way into controversial matters Mrs. Kellogg shows definitely the limits of the Polish realm, how thoroughly Polish was the district which the Germans nicknamed the "Corridor" and how great were the Slav populations in the Baltic district, as great as they are today, when the Poles, denied the old port of Danzig, have erected a port Gdynia on the Baltic which seems to be a miracle in architecture and construction and is proving to be a center of a large population.

But that which is the power of the book is the accurate picture of this extraordinary and fascinating girl who gave up an Austrian lover in order to wed a pagan and convert his country to Christianity, a girl of spirit, who at one time was disarmed of an axe with which she was about to hew down a door in the attempt to see her forbidden lover. Graced with saintliness, surrounded in family and friends with a series of deaths and tragedies, she held her head up and smiled through it all, with a fierceness of adoration for Poland and its culture. She advised her husband in his dispositions of Poland which had become the great nation of central and eastern Europe—she gave immense sums to charity, revived by the gift of her own jewels the University of Krakow, founded about 1360 by her uncle, Kasimir the Great—she settled controversies in council, outwitted a slanderer who was forced to bark in public like a dog, stating that he had lied like one. She united principality after principality, closed gaps among cultural groups all over the kingdom by personal benevolence and justice, and she was hailed as a saint everywhere she went.

Poles have always been partial to Jeanne d'Arc, one of the reasons being, I think, that she was similar to Jadwiga. But in the sixteen years that Jadwiga was on the Polish throne she accomplished as much for her country as (perhaps even more than) the Maid of Orleans did for France. And in the intensive patriotism which accompanied in Poland the one hundred and fifty years of national extinction, the figure of Jadwiga has been illuminated by the glow of an ardent idealization. She was the embodiment of national patriotism at its best—an embodiment which, appearing in similar fashion from time to time in various European countries, allowed kingly despotism and autocracy the long life that it enjoyed. And while Jadwiga appears in the light of a saint to her own people, she possessed the extraordinary human qualities of force, vigor, temper and occasional weakness displayed by the noble men and women of the Middle Ages who have since been enshrined.

ERIC P. KELLY.

Music

Notable New Recordings

ONE of the most distinguished orchestras in the world is the Hallé Orchestra of Manchester, England. Under the leadership of Sir Hamilton Harty or Sir Thomas Beecham it occupies a position analogous to the Philadelphia and Boston orchestras here. Many people consider it superior to the London Symphony Orchestra. Columbia now gives us a fine example of the Hallé Orchestra's work with one of the best examples of English symphonic composition, the *"Enigma" Variations on an Original Theme* of Elgar[1]. Conducted by Harty, this set of records may be said to be truly representative of British music at its best and as such it should be in every library with any pretensions to completeness. The tone is beautiful throughout and the band plays with great zest and precision.

THE Philadelphia Orchestra, under Stokowski, is with us again in an album of Debussy which includes *Nuages, Danses—Sacrée et Profane* and *La Cathedrale Engloutie*, the last arranged by the conductor[2]. Once more, the way each instrument in the large orchestra is given its proper value is astoundingly good. I would quibble only at the dubious necessity of giving *La Cathedrale Engloutie* orchestral garb.

A GREAT variety of short vocal selections, all good of their kind, is on the recent lists of the three major American companies. Victor has Hulda Lashanska singing with beautiful soprano tone what we are assured are *Fiddle and I* and *Angel's Serenade*[3], although I was unable to understand a word of either. They also give us John Charles Thomas in *Mah Lindy Lou* and *Gwine to Hebb'n*[4] in which the baritone is considerably better suited than he was by his recent cowboy efforts. The latter two disks are ten-inch Red Seal. For lovers of the Italian operatic school of song there is a grand twelve-inch record of the *Drinking Song* from *Cavalleria Rusticana* and *Occhi Turchini*, both sung with great gusto by Gigli[5]. Perhaps of a higher musical standard are two lovely Richard Strauss songs, *Cacilie* and *Befreit*[6], beautifully sung by Rosette Anday, contralto of the Vienna State Opera. They are perfect gems of songs as she sings them.

O. C.-T.

1. Columbia Masterworks Set No. 165.
2. Victor Album M. 116.
3. Victor 1548.
4. Victor 1544.
5. Victor 8222.
6. Brunswick 90208.

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Prose and Worse

THE various New York City officials the size of whose bank accounts causes them, when questioned on the stand, such bewildered surprise, remind us of a colored woman we heard of. Accused of murdering her husband, she stated that having put the muzzle of his gun to his head and the butt on the floor, he had pulled the trigger with his finger. Confronted with proof that the barrel was too long for such a performance, and that the wound was in the back of his head anyway, she looked puzzled and a little unhappy for a time, and then said: "Well, if I could think of a good reason, I'd confess." A really good reason for being in possession of all this money seems to be hard to find. You have only to look at the pictures of these gentlemen to feel sure that it can't be fairy godmothers, and anyway that explanation is a little out of date. And yet the money keeps piling up, and they don't know where it comes from. You can't feel that dishonesty is back of it anywhere, for here's a deputy chief inspector of police in Queens, known as a man who couldn't be bought, with $35,000 in the bank that he just can't explain, even though he admits his signature on the deposit slips. It must be a wonderful feeling to find $35,000 in your account that you didn't know was there. Though we don't think that a man who didn't notice that things were wrong to that extent with his monthly statement would make a very good police inspector. There'd be all sorts of things going on in his district that he wouldn't notice. Speakeasies, probably, right under his nose, and he'd never see them. And of course all this questioning must be pretty embarrassing. If they could only think of a reason!

On second thought, the parallel between the colored woman above mentioned and the amazed officials doesn't seem to hold water. It may be doubted if any parallel ever does hold water very well, and they really shouldn't be used for that purpose. We wish we hadn't tried with this one. For the colored woman got three and a half years, and the officials don't get anything. Except of course the money.

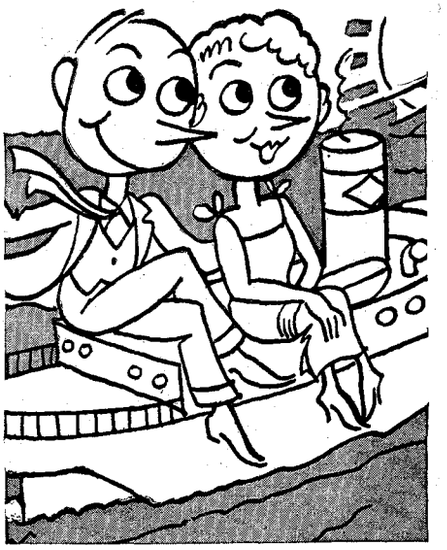
We have been looking over the *Fashionable American Letter Writer*, published in 1852, and judging by the number of "plain and elegant letters" given as samples for the benefit of those in financial difficulties, '52 must have been a bad year for the American business man. Perhaps a reissue of this book would go well today. For what could be more useful than letters soliciting loans, or excusing delays of payment, or demanding money from a tradesman? The following, "from a young tradesman in distressed circumstances, to another of age and experience," is, we think, particularly beautiful. "Dear Friend: Your knowledge of the world, joined to your goodness of heart, and adorned by the most exalted piety, encourages me to seek your advice in a case of real distress. You know I have not been full five years in business, and although the beginning promised fair, yet, alas! I have been deceived. So does the sun shine upon us in the morning: we take our pleasure in the fields for a few hours, we are overtaken by a sudden storm, and the day concludes in thunder and lightning."

The young tradesman goes on to say that he sees no prospect before him but prison or the insolvent law: "the former is dreadful, the latter is disgraceful." And after a little talk about whither shall I turn, he concludes: "A good character is what I strove to preserve; a good conscience is what I still enjoy: but the world is often deaf to all our pretensions to integrity. No sooner are we fallen than we are trodden under foot; our misfortunes are considered as crimes; we are despised by some, hated by others, but pitied by few. Ah! sir, when shall we learn to do as we would be done by? When shall we love our neighbors as ourselves? I know you have abilities to give me advice. I know you have a tender, compassionate heart, and your charity will shine with a distinguished lustre if displayed on the present melancholy occasion; and by your advice, perhaps, my ruin may be prevented. I have sent this by my poor afflicted wife, and will wait on you as soon as I receive your orders for that purpose. In the mean time, I am

Your sincere, though afflicted, friend."

Isn't this a charming letter? Wouldn't it touch a heart of stone? He doesn't want money, you see. Nothing is further from his thought. Just a load of good advice, and he will go off happily to prison, secure in the moral support of his noble friend. How gentle were the manners, how lofty the morals of our fathers! Today this bird would be hiding in a doorway, waiting for his noble friend with a club. Who in turn would be pretending that he never got the letter.

WALTER R. BROOKS.



Dear Jim:

Say, boy, I'm doing the thing I've wanted to do ever since I smoked my first corn silks . . . hitting the old sea trail that Morgan, and Kidd, and the rest of that jolly bunch followed when they were laying for Spanish gold. And I've a hunch it was more than gold that kept 'em down in these waters. No kidding, Jim, there's something down here that gets under your skin. These United Fruit boats are okay, too — big enough to be comfortable and small enough to be chummy. And do these boys know their tropics? Well, they ought to — been making these ports for a quarter century or more. Grand eats and lots of fun. See me and the Mrs. on the top deck looking at the moon? I said it gets you.

Why don't you and Min meet us in Guatemala City? Get hold of your tourist agent, or write the main office for all the dope. Just United Fruit Company, New York'll get 'em.*

Bob

(*It would, but anyhow it's Pier 3, North River, Dept. L, New York, N. Y.)

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From the Life

The Wolf

BEING only five years old, he was the smallest member of the gang. But his emotions were tremendous.

He felt, for instance, that the gang, collectively and individually, was courageous beyond the bravery of policemen; he could have bowed down in adoration of their superior knowledge; and when he remembered the generosity that allowed him to be one of them, he could have wept with a terrible and unmastered gratitude.

But he had no words for any of this. His words were scant treasures, hard-earned and guarded. He could never explain with them the great tides that moved him; he could only use words to ask with.

"What's a wolf?" he would ask shrilly in front of the big cage in the city's park.

"A wolf's a wolf, see?" one or another of the gang would answer him loudly. "That's what we told you before, and that's what it is, see? It's a wolf."

"Oh," he would say respectfully.

At night he would dream about the wolf—no longer inside a cage but running beside him, leaping into the air (never far ahead of him) turning its great gray head to look into his eyes. Such a strange look! Yellow and brilliant and unblinking. The wolf could not speak; but he knew the way the wolf was feeling—all the places the wolf had been—all the delicious grass and stones beneath its feet, the sun warm on its nose—all the places they would be running to together—no words were needed for any of these sights and ecstasies between them.

In the morning—"What makes him stay in there?" he would ask the gang.

The wolf heard him, too, for it stopped its steady running around the cage and listened. Then it went on running some more. But as if it were tired.

"Because it's in a cage, see? And it can't get out, can it? Because it's all locked up."

Yes, it was certainly locked up. Great sticks of iron were all around it and over the iron was a big piece of wire with small holes in it. Except at the back where the rocks were. The wolf could see better at the back.

One day a man stepped inside the cage. The wolf looked at the man with its strange bright look and the man threw something carelessly in the corner. Then he went out again and with a great jangle and rattle locked the door behind him. The wolf sprang over into the corner and began to eat. He tore at the food with his claws and swallowed it in great gulps.

The smallest member of the gang shuddered. "What makes him eat like that?" he wanted to know.

"Because he's hungry, that's what. Lookit how he eats! He's starved, that's what. Bet they don't give him enough to eat."

The smallest member of the gang lay awake that night. He thought about the wolf, locked up and hungry, running around the cage. In the dark. He remembered the faraway, unblinking look in the wolf's eyes and his heart swelled with understanding kindness. He thought of the rocks. The iron without wire at the back of the cage. The gang would help him.

He found the gang later near the entrance to the zoo, when he stopped short in his breathless running. He held out a greasy paper bag and said nothing until each one had looked inside. Then he said "For the wolf."

The gang, dumbstruck, stared at one another in silent excitement. And turned as one boy toward the cage.

The rocks were difficult but the smallest member was hauled over them by the big ones. He was hoisted to the back of the cage—the food in his hand held through the bars. The wolf, across the cage, turned slowly, lowering its head; in its yellow eyes the look of the dream. Was it the look of the dream?

"Come get it," coaxed the gang. "Here, come get it!"

The wolf came slowly.

There was a sudden jerk of the great gray head, a flash of a gray paw, and the hand that held the food was caught in a vise of pain. The claw that struck his shoulder ripped down his arm a lightning streak of agony. Was that his own voice screaming? He had never heard a scream like that—he had never heard anything so horrible as his own voice screaming, at the wolf. It was his own voice, for the gang had left him . . . .

He didn't hear the keepers shouting or feel their hands as they tore him from the wolf. By the time they laid him on the hospital bed he scarcely felt the pain in his hand, up his arm, through his shoulder. Only the dreadful pain in his throat was more than he could bear, the bursting and crying of his heart, that beat and beat against itself without any words of understanding.

IBBY HALL.

Chief of the Scripps News Falcons

(Continued from Page 535)

important commission to fulfill—to succeed.

The system that prevails today is an inheritance from the earliest Scripps system. This was to rent a ramshackle building in a town, lay in a six-months' supply of paper and ink, commission young men to serve as managing editor and business manager and let them sink or swim. If the young men swam they found themselves shareholders in a Scripps paper. Today the managing editor and business manager of a Scripps-Howard paper own stock in that paper. All the money they made is in that paper. When a managing editor works hard and long because he has a ten per cent interest in his paper his hard work, and that of the business manager and of their employees, will not be without advantage to those who own the other 80 per cent. When either executive leaves to go to another Scripps-Howard paper, he surrenders his stock and puts the surrender money into the stock of the paper to which he has been transferred. Scripps's papers, according to one authority, were "dividend-paying news-factories and looked it."

ALTHOUGH it is well known that the men at the helm of Scripps-McRae and Scripps-Howard have been hard drivers they have driven toward something that cannot always be estimated in terms of dollars and cents. They have fought causes and the battles have involved temporary losses, too. The Cincinnati *Post*, for example, rode a six-months' boycott by department stores because of its campaign for the manager form of government. Some Scripps papers would have been wiped out during periods of stress had they been dependent exclusively on local advertising, which takes away a little from their glory, but they have risked.

"Editorial independence must be based on economic independence. Few papers are destined to live that have the first without the second."

Mr. Howard did not present these sentences, intentionally, as a post-mortem on The *World*. In Cincinnati The *Post* fought on until the political machine—one of the most corrupt in the United States, says Mr. Howard—had been wrecked, and when the fight was over, the department stores not only came back, but were relieved at the turn of events.

The fight in Cincinnati took from twelve to fifteen years. The *Telegram* has begun a campaign to wreck the political machine of New York and put its

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government on a city-manager basis. It is absurd, says Mr. Howard, that the second largest corporation in the world —the City of New York—should be operated according to the codes of politics. Just now The *Telegram* is engaged in a preliminary skirmish against the 600 million dollar budget for 1932.

"How long do you think your fight for a city manager form of government will take?"

Replied Mr. Howard, quoting Irvin Cobb's story of the Negro who had been sentenced to life imprisonment and was explaining to his jail mates how long he would have to stay:

"From now on."

Citizen or Alien?

(Continued from Page 528)

with the approval of all self-appointed Education Boards.

Shall I confess further? A Frenchman who does not believe in the present greatness of France, a Catholic who sends his children to an Episcopalian church, a teacher of French who fails to see why Americans try to learn French, a writer on foreign countries who is neither for nor against the Russian soviets, a wet, a Fascist, a father with a coca-cola income and several children with a champagne taste—what am I? What are they all to make of it?

IT HAS taken me fifteen years to see things as clearly as I am trying to put them before you. If I do sound "sore," it is not my intention to. Far from it! Nobody had invited me to come; no one is keeping me. The trouble is, I like it here. When I read about the new American problem: Shall we—you—close the door to all immigrants? I know the answer. Close it, and keep it shut. Your ignorance of the world true conditions, your optimism, your generalizations about foreigners, your hospitality which is extended wholesale to all sorts of people, are all charming to me. America has spoiled me for other places. I crave plumbing and the company of men who can fool themselves all the time. But I remember Europe and Asia, and I do not react pleasantly to foolish statements about them. Because I see both sides of most problems, I am always the last man to be consulted.

Let this example be a warning. Let every man stay home and dig his garden. If he cannot do that, let him stick to his own nationality. If he cannot do that, let him expect as little return as possible from his handsome certificate of naturalization. There is nothing in my own that can make me like America more . . . . nor less.

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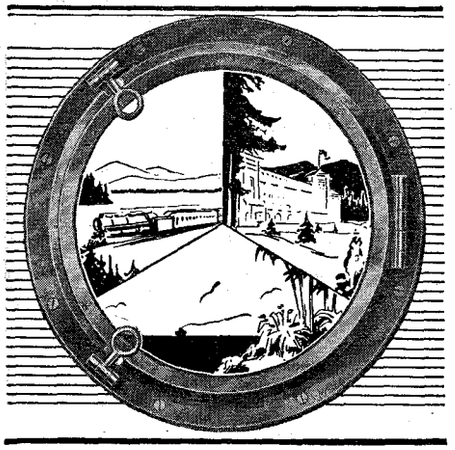

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The Bull Moose Fiasco

(*Continued from Page 531*)

publicly announced their decision to remain within the party and there conduct their fight for liberal government. Some deserted to Wilson. Roosevelt, however, burned with high endeavor. The time for revolution, so rare indeed, had finally come. Munsey, Perkins and a few others had agreed to finance a campaign and on July 7 a call was issued for delegates to a convention in Chicago on August 5, 1912.

It was a novel political gathering. The delegates and alternates were required to pay their own expenses and yet from many states two or three times the required number arrived. The convention opened at noon on August 5 with a long and ornate oration by Senator Beveridge of Indiana, who reviewed the principles behind the Progressive Party, the name finally selected. About 10,000 persons were present when the address began and their enthusiasm mounted under the spell of Beveridge's musical voice. Both the old parties had failed, he said, and the only hope that America would become a land without poverty, without depression, without unemployment, lay in the Progressive party.

"Hunger should never walk," he said, "in these thinly peopled gardens of plenty."

Roosevelt spoke on August 6. His *Confession of Faith*, as the address was called, was a voluminous document running to 20,000 words which had to be cut in half in the spoken version. It branded the old parties as "husks, with no real soul within either, divided on artificial lines, boss-ridden and privilege controlled, each a jumble of incongruous elements and neither daring to speak out wisely and fearlessly what should be said on the vital issues of the day."

The platform called for woman suffrage, to which Roosevelt had become a recent and somewhat bored convert. It said nothing about the recall of judges, recommended in the Columbus speech, but it did include recall of judicial decisions. Among the other planks were: easier amendment of the Federal Constitution, social welfare legislation for women and children, workmen's compensation, limited injunction in labor disputes, farm relief, revision of the currency to assure elasticity, health insurance in industry, inheritance and income taxes, improvement of inland waterways and limitation of naval armaments.

For all the bellows of the Bull Moose, however, the Progressive party was still Republican in its essential beliefs. It favored a protective tariff, with vague recommendations that this should be for the benefit of the wage-worker. The Democratic party called for a tariff for revenue only.

The Progressive convention adjourned with hymns, with banners flying. Its members repaired to their battlements feeling that the contest just ahead might possibly result in defeat but that victory would some day surely come. But Roosevelt, their leader, began a long and exhausting campaign which confirmed in his mind the earlier doubts which had haunted him. To Roosevelt, it was an old, old story; long, monotonous hours on the train, forced enthusiasms, crowds, too many speeches, factional quarrels which had to be ironed out, idiotic local politicians and fanatics who had to be seen. And behind all this lay the depressing realization of defeat. Victory was not in the air in 1912, although the crowds sang "Onward, Christian Soldier." Wilson, to whom it all was a novelty, was fresh and vigorous and effective.

". . . . Your old friend, Theodore," wrote Henry Adams to Cecil Spring-Rice, "has dropped us all and has gone in pirating on his own account. . . . I much fear that our dear Theodore is a dead cock in the pit. Every one tells me that all interest in him or the election has passed. Woodrow Wilson is President until next advices. . . . "

Roosevelt insisted upon making a scheduled speech in Milwaukee on Monday, October 14, and on the evening of that day, as he was leaving the Gilpat-

Through a Glass Darkly

From the Trend of the Week in the Outlook of December 26, 1951

In an article in the *Directors' Magazine* for January on the income tax rates proposed by the Treasury Department for 1952 and 1953, an anonymous writer asks, "How can the income tax payer in the higher brackets expect a fair deal from the present Secretary of the Treasury, a man whose annual income, until he took office, was never more than $2,400?"

"On the average I work over fifteen hours a day, year in and year out," says "Family Doctor" in a letter published last Monday in the Chicago *Tribune-News*. "What many people need in this country is organized relief for the over-employed."

Last Sunday's newspapers carried editorials on and elaborate obituaries of the philanthropist, A. P. Grant Woodworth, whose chain of "three-and-five cent" stores was started in January, 1932.

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rick Hotel to go to the hall, he was shot in the right breast by a fanatic, John Chrank, who shouted something about a third term. The crowd fell on the assassin and would probably have lynched him had not Roosevelt directed that the man be brought before him. "The poor creature," he said, and turned away.

The extent of the wound was not known. It might have been fatal, as far as Roosevelt knew. All his life, however, from the days of his struggle against boyhood infirmities, he had maintained a rigid conviction as to the way in which men should act—strong and rugged men—in the face of sudden, physical disaster. The manly man, struck down, arose and staggered on. The soldier, wounded, crawled on toward the guns. Roosevelt was very white as the crowd pressed about him. But when physicians said that he must go at once to the hospital he brushed them aside and ordered the automobile, in which he had been standing when he was shot, to proceed to the hall.

"I will make this speech or die," he said. "It is one thing or the other."

THE speech was not important. It was delivered rather haltingly, while frenzied members of his party interrupted from time to time and begged him to stop. It is doubtful whether ten men in the audience had the faintest comprehension of his words. Yet Roosevelt's conduct was important. Men did not judge it histrionic or childish. The public imagination soared again, while both Wilson and Taft telegraphed their regret and said that the campaign must halt until Roosevelt's condition was known. An examination at the hospital disclosed that the bullet had entered the right lung, its velocity spent by passing through an overcoat, a spectacle case and the folded manuscript of the speech he was to make. No alarm need be felt for Roosevelt's condition, the doctors stated on the following day.

A degree of lethargy in the campaign shifted to sincere sympathy for Roosevelt and admiration for his courage. He was not forced to strain his throat with repeated speeches during the last two weeks. He announced from Sagamore Hill, where he rested, he would make one more address at Madison Square Garden on October 30. This he did, and the rally had all the fervor of a Roosevelt meeting of days that had passed. He seemed strong and well. His face was ruddy. His voice, sounding again the principles of the Progressive party, carried to the far corners of the Garden and 12,000 people cheered and stamped their approval. Another informal speech or two followed before election day, but the result was in accordance with the prophecies. Wilson was elected with 435 votes in the Electoral College. Roosevelt won 88 votes and Taft, who had never really desired the presidency, carried only Vermont and Utah with their eight small votes.

Roosevelt, however, received 4,126,020 popular votes as against 6,286,124 for Woodrow Wilson and 3,483,922 for Taft. It was an impressive showing. "I accept the result with entire good humor," he said. "As for the Progressive cause, I can only repeat . . . . [that] . . . . the cause in itself must triumph, for this triumph is essential to the well-being of the American people."

Roosevelt, I think, had no illusions. War was to crowd new interests into his consciousness, new interests and new hatreds. By 1916 one object, the defeat of Wilson, loomed so large that it obscured all others. In all probability Roosevelt would have turned his back on the Progressive Party even had these changes not come. Soon after 1912 a friend called at Sagamore Hill and talked of victory in 1916.

"I thought you were a better politician," Roosevelt answered. "The fight is over. We are beaten. There is only one thing to do and that is to go back to the Republican party. You can't hold a party like the Progressive party together . . . . there are no loaves and fishes. . . ."

•

Next week Mr. Pringle tells of Roosevelt's war years and his threat to stump the country for Wilson, whom he detested, if the G. O. P. framed a "mongrel platform" proposing conciliation with Germany. He supported Hughes, but as an old campaigner he returned from his battles convinced that Wilson would win

REMARKABLE REMARKS CONTEST

For the best Remarkable Remarks contributed by Outlook readers the Outlook will award weekly prizes of $5 for the one judged best, and $2 each for as many more as may be adjudged worthy of inclusion in the column.

Entries for each week's contest close at 12 o'clock noon on the Monday of the week preceding date of publication.

All Remarkable Remarks must be direct quotations and must be accompanied by evidence of their source. If the Remarkable Remark selected by any contributor has appeared in the press, it must be accompanied by clipped evidence, showing the author of the remark and the name and date of the publication in which it appeared. If the Remarkable Remark has appeared in a book, the title of the book and the name of its author, together with the number of the page upon which the Remarkable Remark is to be found, must be submitted.

All Remarkable Remarks must be accompanied by a single sentence explaining why the contributor considers the contributed remark remarkable.

In case two or more contributors submit the same Remarkable Remark which is judged worthy of any prize, the contributor whose Remarkable Remark is accompanied by the best—briefest and wittiest—explanatory sentence will be awarded the prize.

The editors of the Outlook are the sole judges of the contest and are ineligible to compete. All contributions should be sent to the Remarkable Remarks Editor.

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